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The LOOKING GLASS

· OR THINGS AS THEY ARE ·

· Edited by ·

WEST·F·DE·WEND·FENTON

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RACING . .
THE DRAMA
SOCIETY
POLITICS
FINANCE

From an inside Point of View.

This week's Cartoon—

MR. WILLIAM KESWICK, M.P.

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RACING · THE DRAMA · SOCIETY · POLITICS · & · FINANCE · FROM AN INSIDE POINT · OF · VIEW

THE LOOKING GLASS

OR · THINGS · AS · THEY · ARE ·

· A · NEW · ILLUSTRATED · WEEKLY ·

Edited by

WEST · F · DE · WEND · FENTON

Telephone: 852 HOLBORN. Telegrams: FENTONISM, LONDON.

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WAY OF THE WORLD.

In view of the impending General Election, we are supplying to secretaries of political organisations a list of "Guinea-pig" Candidates, and a record of the directorial activities of each.

In reference to the above, we have received numerous applications from political institutions, and are attending to their wants in strict rotation of receipt. As time is now short, early notice should be given if other organisations desire us to supply directorial records of candidates in whom they take an interest.

The subject of our "Faithful Portrait" this week is Mr. William Keswick, the sitting Member for the Epsom Division of Surrey. As, for some mysterious reason, he is not to be opposed by the Liberals, he will have a walk-over unless an eleventh-hour opponent takes the field. Mr. Keswick is a typical M.P.-guinea-pig, and it is difficult to believe that a better candidate could not have been chosen by the Unionists. However, they have made their choice, and we suppose it is too late now for them to improve upon it.

The following letter has reached us from Colonel Alfred Mayhew:—

To the Editor of The Looking Glass.

I am very glad indeed to notice that you propose to give such practical assistance (*without distinction of "party"*) to voters at the ensuing General Election. This I, myself, at no small expense, did alone and unaided, and on the same lines as you make known, at the last General Election.

For the moment, however, I desire merely to record the appreciation of myself and many others at the clubs to which I belong of your public-spirited action in seeking to vanquish the cancer which is eating into the vitals of our body politic.

The pluralist company director's downfall is sounded now that you propose to turn your mirror on him, and show the elector how, after guinea-pigging for fees, he seeks to guinea-pig for loaves and fishes of office.—

Yours faithfully,

Alfred Mayhew (Col.),
(Late of Shikarpur, Sind).

Junior Carlton Club, S.W.

Our gallant correspondent, whose record in India is an unusually brilliant one, may depend upon our support of his Shareholders' Protection League, which we understand he proposes to form very shortly. It appears to be badly wanted in the City.

Why has Lord Winterton resigned the editorship of "The World"? The latter and Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., have also left the board of the company owning that paper. Are we to be treated to some "revelations"?

It would be interesting to know the real cause of the split between Mr. Asquith and the Marquis de Soveral.

Some illumination may perhaps be gleaned from the closing words of the Duke of Marlborough's speech at Woodstock—"Let me point out to Mr. Lloyd George that it is cowardly to attack lords through their ladies, and that his insults touch at least one of his Cabinet colleagues."

We agree with the Duke of Marlborough that Mr. Lloyd George shows even more than his customary boldness in dragging ladies into his invectives. There is a proverb about curses coming home to roost.

"The habit of reserve in English politics has not disappeared." Thus the "Church Times." The editor must either be deaf, blind, or abroad at the present moment.

"The habit of reserve," as practised last week by Messrs. Asquith, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill, on the one side, and Sir Edward Carson, Mr. F. E. Smith, and the Duke of Marlborough on the other, was not very conspicuous by its presence in their election speeches.

In connection with the win of a certain horse on Saturday, and the reputed win of £5,000 by his distinguished owner, we understand that there is likely to be some little hitch over the settlement. Amateur commissioners are not invariably satisfactory.

We are one of those who hold that "The Unwritten Law" of the Garrick ought to have been an "unwritten play."

Mr. Plowden, the Cadi at Marylebone Police Court, addressed the following homily, last week, to a young man who pleaded that he embezzled the money of his employers in order to back horses:—

> I am not one of those who believe that all betting transactions without distinction must of necessity be immoral. On the contrary, I believe a great many bets are made in circumstances which are perfectly moral, and which add considerably to the happiness of those who make them.

For instance, a trifle on Columbus for the Derby Cup.

He continued:—

> If only you and others could teach yourself to grasp the truth that there is not such a thing as a certainty in horse-racing, I believe thousands would save themselves from ruin.

We agree. And let us add that the nearest to a certainty in horse-racing may be secured by those who read a certain orange-coloured weekly, the name of which wild (race) horses would not drag from us.

Mr. Haldane remarked at the meeting of the University College the other day that "The ideal training was, to his mind, the training of a judge who had had a large field of experience as a Member of Parliament." We wonder whether Mr. Haldane was hedging for a judicial appointment, should he find himself out of office shortly?

"Nature is creeping up," as poor Whistler used to say. Some time ago, Mr. Chamberlain Mole, the Registrar of the Redhill County Court, who is also a solicitor, was the defendant in a case, and won it with costs. He duly made out his bill, and then proceeded to tax it himself in his capacity as Registrar. One of his charges was 6s. 8d. for attending the taxation by himself of his own bill of costs, and another for attending court in his capacity as Registrar, when judgment was given in his favour as litigant. Sir William Gilbert, in his most topsy-turvy mood, could hardly have imagined a vainer thing. Even "Koko," in "The Mikado," never went so far as Mole did in the Redhill County Court.

There has been a lot of wrangling as to whether Crippen did or did not make a confession before he was hanged. We are not interested in the matter, beyond stating that if Crippen *did* confess, we shall seriously consider whether he, after all, may not have been innocent.

On Monday last Mr. Alfred Butt presented, at the Palace, "Dick," the writing dog. "The writing ass" has long been known in Fleet Street.

By the way, Miss Maud Allan is to return to that house shortly with a startling novelty. An entirely nude departure, presumably.

Lawrence Beesley, a ship's doctor, in a letter to Monday's "Daily Mirror," advises people not to undress at night. Classical dancers, please note.

We had never thoroughly realised the enormous strides education had made in the last few years until we were informed that a certain newspaper drew the line at having a man on its staff who wore a made-up tie.

The papers announce that Mr. Winston Churchill's baby's nurse is followed by policemen. So are other nurses.

By the way, it is a matter for speculation whether the police escort for Mr. Churchill's nurse—we beg pardon, Mr. Churchill's *baby's* nurse—is due more to his unpopularity or to her popularity.

In the political action brought by the owners of the copyright poster "Free Trade" it is claimed that Mr. Illingworth labelled it "Tariff Reform." Mr. Illingworth evidently considered that there should be "Free Trade" in posters printed in England as well as in Union Jacks made in Germany.

Many hard—and, perhaps, ungenerous—charges have been levelled at Mr. Lloyd George, but the limit in vituperation was surely reached when Mr. Victor Grayson declared this week that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had palmed off one of Grayson's speeches as his own.

From the *Daily Mirror* report of Mr. Churchill's meeting at the Lambeth Baths:—

> MR. CHURCHILL'S CHALLENGE.
>
> I am told that individuals are to be singled out for villainous assault. If that is the intention there are only two words for the reply—"Come on!"
>
> * * *
>
> Mr. Churchill sat down at 9.1, and for ten minutes no one was allowed to leave the hall.

To challenge people to "come on" and then to "slink off" is, we fear, a "come on" weakness on the part of politicians nowadays.

At that same meeting, Mr. Churchill charged Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., with being invariably vulgar. If we remember rightly, Mr. Smith spent his summer vacation in the company of Mr. Churchill.

There has been a revolt in Brazil. We presume that the strikers were "some of the nuts."

M. Pataud, the notorious strike-leader, received a free conduct pass from the French Government, so that he could attend the funeral of his daughter. It is understood that the same favour will be extended to him should he evince any desire to attend his own.

The Amsterdam "Courant" remarks:—

> From the purely artistic standpoint, London is at its best during the winter.

Especially when a heavy fog prevents its statues being seen.

Mr. George Lansbury, who is being politically chaperoned by Mr. Lloyd George, suggests that all incomes of £5,000 a year, or over, should be confiscated by the State. We are open to lay odds that Mr. George Lansbury's income does not exceed £4,999 19s. 11¾d.

An attempt was made at Lambeth Police Court last week to convict a firm of grocers for selling gorgonzola cheese of which 15.7 per cent. was coating. We had some at a Soho restaurant the other day which ought to have had even more on it.

In a recent breach of promise case, the defendant, who had written 2,000 folios of love-letters to his *fiancée*, was ordered to pay £150 damages. This works out at the rate of 1s. 6d. a folio, or a farthing a word. He could have done it cheaper by employing a typist.

A few days ago an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman were remanded at Willesden on the charge of begging in company. The "absence of a Welshman" is due to the fact tnat "Taffy is a thief."

A West End milliner reports that women are getting anxious to appear as inconspicuous as possible at the General Election. Notably, we should think, the Suffragettes.

Mrs. Despard's piano was sold last week under distraint because she refused to pay her taxes. We suspect that her next-door neighbours induced the bailiff to seize the piano in preference to other goods.

In its leaflet entitled "The Case Against the Lords" "Reynolds' Newspaper" cites instances where the Upper House has frustrated Liberal legislation. The iniquitousness of the present-day Peers may be gauged by the fact that in 1810 their great-grandfathers, so the pamphlet declares, "rejected a Bill abolishing punishment of death for stealing goods value 5s." If this charge does not appeal to the Socialist readers of "Reynolds'" then no argument is likely to move them.

Lieut.-General Sir Robert S. Baden-Powell is of opinion that "good British workmen are getting rarer and rarer." Not, however, when an unemployed procession is in full swing.

Says "The Music Hall": "The Alhambra, Brighton, is no longer a variety theatre. 'The Bad Girl of the Family' is the attraction this week." If music halls, where the bad girl of the family is *the* attraction, are not to be considered variety theatres any longer, what would our contemporary call them?

The death is announced of Mr. Cudahy, one of the Yankee meat kings. The cause of it has not been stated, but we suspect that the deceased, inadvertently, sampled some of his goods.

The son of the late Lord Mayor has just been adjudicated bankrupt. Liabilities £2,314, assets—Knill.

We hereby call upon our readers to be prepared to be required some day to bear witness to the fact that we never, no never, published an alleged confession or letter from the late Dr. H. H. Crippen.

If we had done so, it would have been genuine.

Ernest J. Edward-Foster

RACING.

By WEST F. DE WEND-FENTON.

THOUGH OUR SELECTION FOR THE MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP, OLD CHINA, WAS PREVENTED FROM RUNNING AT THE LAST MOMENT OWING TO A PRIVATE DISPUTE, WE WERE ABLE TO CONGRATULATE OURSELVES AND OUR FOLLOWERS ON WINDING UP THE FLAT-RACING SEASON SATISFACTORILY BY SHOWING A NET PROFIT OF £70 ON THE WEEK ON A STAKE OF £10 ON EACH SELECTION. THIS IS THE SIXTH WEEK IN SUCCESSION IN WHICH THERE HAS BEEN A WINNING BALANCE ON OUR SELECTIONS, AND THE TOTAL PROFIT TO DATE AMOUNTS TO £505 13s. THOUGH WE CAN HARDLY HOPE TO CONTINUE SUCH AN EXCEPTIONAL RECORD OF SUCCESS, WE SHALL SPARE NO TROUBLE OR EXPENSE TO OBTAIN FOR OUR READERS AS RELIABLE INFORMATION UNDER NATIONAL HUNT RULES AS WE HAVE BEEN PRIVILEGED TO AFFORD THEM UNDER RULES OF RACING.

THE FLAT-RACING SEASON OF 1910.

It seems but the other day that we stood on the bleak Carholme at seven o'clock in the morning of the opening day of the Lincoln meeting, and watched several horses in which we were interested do their morning work, and now the curtain has fallen—we cling to the old journalistic phrase—and another flat-racing season is relegated to the limbo of the past. We will endeavour briefly to recapitulate the salient features of a season that was sadly dimmed in its early stages by the death of his Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. His loss cast a gloom over the season which it never quite shook off, for, beloved as he was throughout the length and breadth of his Empire, there was no class to which his death brought such a sense of personal loss as that of the racing fraternity. His constant attendance at the various meetings had rendered his features familiar to every member of it; and his undisguised enjoyment of and keen interest in the great national sport had endeared him to the humblest of its followers.

The next outstanding feature of the season has been the really extraordinary success achieved by Alec Taylor's stable. It is, of course, a truism to say that good horses make good trainers, and it may be granted at once that Taylor has been exceptionally favoured in this respect; but, at the same time, his abnormal record of wins in connection not only with the big weight-for-age events, but also in nearly all the long-distance handicaps, gives one furiously to think, as our French neighbours say, whether other trainers get the utmost possible out of their charges, especially in connection with long-distance events. Taylor's victories in 1910 include the Chester Vase, Ascot Gold Cup, Derby and Oaks, half the Eclipse Stakes, the Jockey Club Stakes, Great Yorkshire Stakes, and half the Dewhurst Plate, in the way of weight-for-age stakes; the handicaps he has secured include the Chester Cup, Northumberland Plate, Ascot Stakes, Newbury Spring Cup, Newbury Autumn Cup, and Liverpool Autumn Cup. In addition, Admiral Togo III. was second in the Cesarewitch. In all he has won forty-seven races with twenty-four horses, the total value of the stakes being £52,364. Mr. George Lambton comes next on the list of winning trainers with a total of £24,614—rather less than half the amount credited to Taylor. His star performer has, of course, been Swynford, the winner of the St. Leger, but he has also had some useful two-year-olds under his charge in Stedfast, King William, and Hair Trigger II.

William Waugh has done well to finish third in the list with a total of £21,604, as, with a few exceptions, he had a distinctly moderate team. Winkipop won more than half the total credited to him, and up to a mile she is no doubt a really good mare. Mr. Persse, who comes fourth on the list, is in the enviable position of training what we unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best two-year-old of the season, Seaforth, and, in addition to him, Bachelor's Double was a notable winner for the stable. Of the other leading trainers, Percy Peck did well, in spite of his partial disappointment with Neil Gow, while Sam Pickering had a very successful year for his chief patron, Mr. Nelke, and Joyner did well enough for Mr. Whitney to place the latter third on the list of winning owners. Wootton won a great number of minor events, and Lewis provided his patrons with yet one more successful handicap coup when Christmas Daisy romped away with the Cambridgeshire. Sam Darling had a terribly poor season, a remark which applies with even greater force to Robinson at Foxhill. Of the smaller establishments perhaps that of Butters at Newmarket has been most conspicuously successful, and Senseless and Columbus between them accounted for no fewer than eight good handicaps.

To turn to jockeys, Frank Wootton again heads the list, a result the more remarkable as he was suspended for two months in the busiest part of the season. He is to be warmly congratulated on his acquittal from the more serious charge which was recently brought against him, and it is to be hoped that increasing weight will not prove a serious bar to the continued success of a jockey that to our way of thinking has had no equal in all-round ability since Sloan ceased riding. He has ridden many brilliant races this season, but perhaps the best was that on Swynford in the St. Leger, when he was beset by the many difficulties and rumours which complicated the race.

Maher, who finishes second, at one period of the season seemed to lose something of the resource and accuracy in timing his finishes which have made him famous all over the world. This was particularly noticeable when Wootton was riding in the same race, but latterly he seems to have recovered completely from this temporary aberration, and some of his efforts lately have been simply superb. A noticeable instance was when he squeezed Jaquetta home for a selling race at Derby, when he could apparently have won on any of the first three.

No jockey has displayed more consistent form throughout the season than has Trigg, and as long as he is not tied down with waiting orders, but is allowed to

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come right through from start to finish, there is no more determined horseman. Of the rest, one of the features of the season has been the riding of young Rickaby, who is one of the most promising apprentices that have appeared for some time. The loss of the 5lb. allowance will not affect the demand for his services, and provided that he can keep down to a reasonable weight, he should have a brilliant future. Of the other apprentices there is none stronger for his weight than little Duller, who has ridden some really good races, the one when he drove Relish into third place for the Great Metropolitan being perhaps the most striking. With regard to owners—a long-suffering class who are well used to coming considerably after trainers and jockeys—Mr. "Fairie" easily heads the poll. Considering his small string, and equally limited stud, he may indeed be reckoned fortunate to have headed the list for two years in succession, but then Mr. Fairie's luck has been proverbial all through his life. The great Bayardo has retired to the stud, but Lemberg still remains to represent him in the coming season, and he has a two-year-old in Cyllius that will make a name for himself next year, unless we are woefully mistaken. Lord Derby, who is second on the list, has won a great number of races, and in Swynford he possesses a formidable candidate for the big Cup races. Mr. Harry Whitney has done extremely well to finish third, and in Borrow he possesses a really good two-year-old, though not perhaps a genuine stayer. Of the others, Mr. Waldorf Astor is to be congratulated on having amassed such a fine total as £11,636 with but two or three horses in training, and in Winkipop he has a mare that he may indeed be proud of having bred.

To our mind the most salient feature of the season that has just ended has been the extraordinary weakness of the betting market, and it becomes daily a task of increasing difficulty to back a horse for anything approaching a large sum in even the biggest events. It is to our mind inevitable, unless the ring is speedily reinforced by two or three daring bettors of the old school, that the Pari-Mutuel should be installed here before very long.

With regard to the prospects for next season, it is our opinion that the two-year-olds as a whole are rather above the average, but it is a thousand pities that two of the best, Seaforth and St. Nat, are not engaged in the Derby. We have no great liking for Pietri, whose temper we regard with the utmost suspicion, and were we forced to have a bet on the big Epsom event at the present moment we should take a long shot about **Cyllius.**

MINOR EVENTS.

Warwick, Monday.—We had a foretaste of what was to occur later in the week when racing had to be put back for half-an-hour owing to the severity of the overnight frost, and even then the principal event, the November Handicap, over 1¾ miles, had to be postponed till the following day owing to the dangerous state of the going on the Round Course. The filly by Cornstalk out of Sagittari annexed the Spa Nursery very cleverly in the hands of Huxley, and from her breeding she is likely to make a mark over long courses next season. Rhodes, who has frequently received favourable mention in these columns, won yet another race for Mr. Smithson with South West, and having served her turn she was passed on to Mr. Vasey at 190 guineas. De Reszke brought off a 10 to 1 chance for Alfred Sadler in the Three-Year-Old Selling Handicap, and then Dark Dinah at last managed to get her head in front in the Emscote Welter Handicap. In spite of this success, however, on the balance she must have been a very expensive mare to her party, as we know of at least three heavy gambles on her this season that have failed to come off. Compiègne wound up the proceedings by beating a better favourite in Sour Plum for the Budbrooke Plate, and thus reversing the Liverpool form. The incomparable Wootton was in the saddle, however, on this occasion, and the advantage this gives to a horse can hardly be reckoned in pounds.

Tuesday and Wednesday were *dies non* as far as racing is concerned, for the frost increased in severity on Monday night and Tuesday, and rendered the abandonment of the remainder of the Warwick meeting a regrettable necessity.

Manchester, Thursday. — The weather executed a sudden volte-face about mid-day on Wednesday, and any fear of the Manchester meeting being interfered with was happily dispelled. The arrival list was a very heavy one, as several horses that had been intended to run at Warwick were sent on to Manchester to swell the fields there. The only drawback to the enjoyment of the racing was the thick mist which overhung the course, and prevented anything being seen of the runners till they were close home; but this has come to

ONE OF THE STARTERS.

Thomas Henry Dey, 40, Old Bond Street, London, W., will send a free copy of his up-to-date "Little Red Book" and other sporting publications to any bona-fide sportsman on receipt of application. Member of the "Newmarket Subscription Rooms" and the "Turf Register." The most advantageous terms of any responsible bookmaker. No commission charged. Bets booked at all meetings. Small speculators specially catered for. Credit accounts (daily or weekly) opened with responsible sportsmen.

be looked on as an unavoidable adjunct to the Manchester November meeting, and as long as it does not develop into a "pea-soup" fog one is resigned. Proceedings opened inauspiciously for backers when Tim Healy, who had been one of the beaten lot in the now notorious Blankney Nursery, at Lincoln, in which Wootton on the Tovaros colt was so severely criticised, brought off a 100 to 6 chance for Sir Thomas Dewar. In the next race Boabdil II. upset a determined gamble on our selection, Sand Glass, and on his spring form he should not have been allowed to start at 100 to 8; but he had been on the shelf since then, and has some dreadful-looking legs. However, if Jim Wood can keep him on his legs—and he is an adept at the game—we shall keep our eye on him in the Trial Stakes at Lincoln next March. Wootton won the Brackley Handicap on his father's Gay Bachelor (our selection), who started favourite at 3 to 1, and then Clarenceux, in beating Pillo and a useful field for the two-mile Delamere Handicap, lost no time in endorsing what we wrote about him last week. In referring to Leicester we wrote: "Mr. Tom Jennings' Clarenceux won the Atherstone Plate over a mile and a half, and had we a commission to buy a three-year-old likely to win a good handicap over a distance of ground, this is a horse we should bear in mind. We have no idea if he is for sale, but we throw out the hint for what it is worth." We have since seen that he is entered in the December Sales, but his win at Manchester will have opened people's eyes to his real value. He would still prove a remunerative purchase, however, at anything like a reasonable price. The Thursday Selling Plate for two-year-olds was won by Frank Wootton on Cloonthorpe, and he repeated the performance on Piquet in the Cuerdon Faiden Two-Year-Old Plate. Both animals belonged to Mr. "Lytham," and he completed the hat-trick by winning the Rothschild Plate with Minter, the successful jockey in this instance being Stanley Wootton. It was more than curious that the winning distance in each case should be a head.

Manchester, Friday.—The light was even worse than on the opening day, but fortunately it was just possible to run through the card without interference. It seems absurd, however, to select Manchester, of all places, for the closing week of the season, and we must hope that some time the slow-moving authorities will make up their minds to thoroughly overhaul the fixture list. Mac Ian won the Flying Handicap very easily for the brothers Young, starting at 10 to 1, and then a new-comer to the English Turf in the person of Mr. E. G. de Mestre, won the Selling Nursery with an even greater outsider in Araran, who only cost 30 guineas a week or two ago. The Ellesmere Handicap was won by Helot, on whom George M'Call rode an exceedingly vigorous finish, and we cannot think why he does not get more riding nowadays. There are very few jockeys as strong as he is at the weight, and on a lazy horse he has no superior. To beat Wamba II at 2lb. was a distinctly good performance, and Helot at his best is evidently very smart. In the Lancashire Nursery the colt by The Gull out of Derelict avenged his narrow defeat at Derby by winning very easily from Wolf's Haven and a big field, and he is a distinct credit to his young sire, whose breeding, by Gallinule out of Meddlesome, ought to ensure his stud success. The staying two-year-old Red Tassel won the Friday Selling for Mr. Prentice, and then Mr. "Lytham" won the County Handicap with our selection, Minter, who started at 6 to 1 and was ridden by Frank Wootton. In the last race of the day Wootton on Plume upset the odds on Torbay, ridden by Maher. The result was astounding to students of the book, as Plume has on several occasions this year been well beaten in minor selling races.

Manchester, Saturday.—The Cimmerian gloom which hung over the course the first two days was unhappily still in evidence, and if anyone were optimistic enough to go to Manchester with the idea of seeing any racing he must have been sadly disappointed. In a monster field for the Farewell Handicap Abelard II. demonstrated that he had some claim to form by winning easily for his noble owner, and though he started one of the nominal favourites, the liberal price of 8 to 1 was laid against the field. The Saturday Selling Handicap was won by Missed Catch, who, presuming that he is worth anything like the 620 guineas at which he was bought in, must indeed have been a certainty in this sort of company. Old Desespoir, running with the utmost gameness, just beat Double Fortune in an exciting finish for the Stand Selling Plate, and this brought us to the big event, the Manchester November Handicap. The only alteration in the overnight list of starters was caused by the withdrawal, at the last moment, of Old China, to which we have referred above, and this was the more unfortunate as the heroine of two years ago was in splendid trim, and in spite of a slightly cracked heel, she had arrived at Manchester fit to run for the proverbial kingdom. With her withdrawal our financial interest in the race evaporated, but we are still firmly of the opinion that she would have beaten all the Derby Cup form.

The feature of the early market was the persistent demand for Toyshop, who looked like finishing up a warm favourite, but before long there were heavy outlays on behalf of Pillo, both on the part of Wootton's followers and the Foxhill stable, and then there was a strong demonstration in favour of Atty. Finally these two wound up joint favourites on the 8 to 1 mark, with Accurate, Toyshop, and The Valet next in demand. There was good money for Rathlea and Anchora, but the business done over the rest was of a trifling description. The start was a bad one, for, as they vanished into the mist, Columbus and Admiral Togo III., and one or two others, were seen to be hopelessly out of it. We learn from the jockeys that six furlongs from home Anchora was clear of her field, but that shortly afterwards The Valet raced up to her, with Accurate, Tweedledum, and Admiral Togo III. in close attendance. When they came into sight at the distance The Valet had his race well won, and he passed the post, pulling up, four lengths in front of Anchora, with Accurate third, beaten half-a-length, and Tweedledum a good fourth. We may take this much of credit to ourselves that after plumping for Old China, we selected Accurate as a cock-boat, and that before the Derby Cup we had indicated The Valet as a good outsider for whichever race he went for. In the Worsley Nursery, which followed, Teviot just beat Growler by a head, but as the latter was conceding 2 stone he must be distinctly useful. Mustapha was indulged with a walk-over for the Final Plate, and thus ended yet another flat-racing season.

We append selections for the coming steeplechase meetings, but we reiterate our advice of last week, that our readers should play very light just for the present

Leicester—Thursday.

Leicester Handicap Hurdle, THE DRUDGE (good).
Town Selling Handicap Hurdle, GRUFFANUFF.

Kempton Park—Friday.

Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap, ABELARD II.
Stewards' Steeplechase, ROUND DANCE.
Uxbridge Steeplechase, CIRCASSIAN'S PRIDE.

Kempton Park—Saturday.

Barnes Selling Three-Year-Old Hurdle, ELSTEAD
Middlesex Steeplechase Handicap, THE WHELP.
Staines Handicap Hurdle, THE DRUDGE.
Sunbury Maiden Hurdle, EEY FALO.

Newbury—Monday.

Berks Handicap Hurdle, GREATOR.
Findon Selling Steeplechase, NIGHT STAR.

Newbury—Tuesday.

Moderate Handicap Hurdle, GAY MILAN or DRUDGE.
Andover Handicap Steeplechase, MICHET.

THE DRAMA.

"Decorating Clementine," at the Globe.

[An adaptation by Miss Gladys Unger of "Le Bois Sacré," by Armand de Caillavet and Robert de Flers.]

We must confess to having been somewhat disappointed with this play, but perhaps it was chiefly because Miss Unger failed to come up to the high standard she had set herself with "Inconstant George." Indeed, it is hardly fair to blame the adaptor for the comparative failure of "Decorating Clementine," for, as in the case of "Inconstant George," she has faithfully followed the original, and the real trouble is that "Le Bois Sacré" was too essentially French in its atmosphere and characterisation to bear transplantation. Moreover—and we say it with all due heed to the risk we run of being accused of wrong-headed insularity—we did not think that the American cast, which is appearing at the Globe, was at all capable of doing the fullest justice to the piece. We, of course, except Mr. G. P. Huntley, but even this finished comedian did not seem to us to throw himself into his rôle with his accustomed abandon. The story of the piece is as slight as such things usually are. Clementine Margerie is a lady novelist of distinction, who lives an impeccable home-life with a devoted husband. The rumour that another lady novelist has visions of being decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour inspires her with similar ambitions, and she lays siege to the Director of Fine Arts, only to find, however, that she is not prepared to do as much to gain the Cross as other aspirants. The old director takes her rebuff—which includes a smack in the face, literal as well as figurative—very nicely, but she feels that all her chance of obtaining the coveted honour has vanished. Suddenly it occurs to her to make her hitherto blameless husband flirt with the director's wife, an extremely impressionable young person, who goes into hysterics when any man enters the room, and who changes her affections as frequently as her frocks. The husband proves far more amenable than his spouse to the charms of illicit love-making, though it must be conceded that his excuse was a fairer one than hers. The eventual upshot is that though Madame Margerie receives the Cross she coveted, she finds her domestic happiness very seriously jeopardised, if not actually overthrown. Quite a pretty little moral as to the vanity of human ambitions! The play, as we have said before, was, in our view, an impossible one for successful adaptation, and, in any case, we do not think that it received by any means the best interpretation possible. Mr. G. P. Huntley, who got a rousing reception on his first appearance, was, as ever, amusing in the part of Count Zakouskine, the "irresistible" gentleman whose father was Russian and whose mother Italian, and who spoke with an Italian accent because he always favoured the women. His business with the button-holes is not new, however, and altogether, as we have said before, he did not seem to throw himself into the part with that whole-hearted enthusiasm which used to keep audiences in a continual roar in the days of "Kitty Grey" and "Three Little Maids." As Clementine Margerie, Miss Hattie Williams worked hard, but her touch was altogether too heavy. She played the piece as a burlesque, rather than as the lightest of light comedies. As M. Morel, the Director of Fine Arts, Mr. Louis Massen was just adequate, and that is all that can be said. In our opinion, it should be possible to make far more of the part, and we should love to see Eric Lewis play it. Miss Doris

[*Dover Street Studios.*

G. P. HUNTLEY,

who, after gaining many laurels in America, reappears here in "Decorating Clementine."

Keane, as Adrienne Morel, the susceptible wife of the director, was sinuous and attractive. She has a beautiful figure, which she displayed to the best possible advantage, and her dance in the third act was a distinct success. She has an irritating trick, however, of twisting her mouth sideways, which distinctly detracts from her charm. As Paul Margerie, the unsophisticated husband who gets caught in her toils, Mr. Richie Ling has a sufficient conception of the part; but Mr. Ernest Lawford, as Fargette, was nothing more than a bad imitation of G. P. Huntley as he was. There were sufficient smart lines to indicate that Miss Unger will give us a far better play than this when the materials are to her liking; indeed, with "Inconstant George" she has already franked herself as a mistress of witty dialogue, and we shall await her next production with confidence unshaken and hope undismayed.

W. F. de W. F.

* * *

We are delighted to hear that Mr. George Edwardes has decided to revive the "Waltz Dream" at Daly's when the run of the "Dollar Princess" has terminated. We always considered this piece, both as regards the book and the music, by far the best of the many successful musical comedies that have come to us from Vienna, but on its first appearance it was not fitted with at all a suitable cast. Miss Lily Elsie will now play the part which was formerly taken by Miss Gertie Millar, who, charming actress though she is, had hardly the depth and power to cope with it successfully. Mr. Michaelis, who has made such a big success in the "Dollar Princess," should exactly suit the part which Mr. Evett conscientiously strove to fill, but to which he was entirely unsuited, both in appearance and temperament. Though revivals of this sort are proverbially risky, we predict a very big success for "The Waltz Dream" redivivus.

W. F. de W. F.

The New Shavian Playlet.

After much preliminary tub-thumping and flourishing of swords by Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Bernard Shaw, we have been permitted to pass our own verdict upon "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," which was produced on Thursday and Friday in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund. Needless to say, G. B. S. has not cast much illumination upon the question of her identity—it is not the Shavian way to cast light upon anything; the "master" prefers to obscure and befuddle his audiences' minds. However, there is more than a little amusement in the trifle, and, while we do not for one moment believe that Shakespeare was in the least the kind of man Mr. Shaw chooses to imagine, nor that he was idiot enough to demand a National Theatre, we enjoyed the quaint conceits for which Shavian drama is famous and the clever acting of Granville Barker and Miss Susanne Sheldon.

Another One-Act Play.

The one-act play "Mount Pleasant," produced at the Comedy last week in front of "Vice Versâ," proved to be one of those attempts to show "The People" at home in their true—and noble—colours. Unfortunately, while the characters of the mother and brother, with their rough ways and coarse tongues, were very excellent, the daughter with the "superior education" was a quite impossible young person, and the too obvious attempt to point a moral made the play rather tiresome as well as improbable.

* * *

During December there are to be a good many new productions, but they are most of them ephemeral in character, and intended to appeal to the class of playgoer who regards Christmas as a period of real festivity to be celebrated by over-eating and over-spending. Mr. H. B. Irving, however, is to present a new play at the Queen's on the 14th. The title announced was "The Princess Clementine," but in view of the arrival of "Decorating Clementine" it may possibly be altered. It is adapted from A. E. Mason's novel by himself and Mr. George Pleydell. It is some time since we saw Mr. H. B. Irving in a play unhampered by "tradition," and we feel that he has not lived up to his wonderful performance of the butler-king in "The Admirable Crichton." * * *

Among Christmas plays must be numbered "The Captain of the School," at the Gaiety, on the 12th, "Cinderella" (at matinées only) at the Playhouse, December 15, "The Golliwog," at the Kingsway, on the 17th, "The Blue Bird" (with a new act), on the 19th, "Chicks in the Wood" (afternoon), at the Hippodrome, on the same date, "The Piper" (matinées only), to be produced in Christmas week by Mr. Benson at the St. James's. "Alice in Wonderland" is proposed for the Savoy; and there are others, we hear.

T. S.

* * *

At the Empire.

Following close on the heels of "The Faun" and "Ship Ahoy!"—two of the greatest successes enjoyed by the Empire Theatre during the past years—comes yet another production, in this most creative of variety theatres. Though its title is "Widow's Weeds," it will take the form of a "real" farcical comedy in one act. It is from the pen of George Arliss, the English actor who has risen to the greatest pre-eminence in America, and who returns there shortly to produce Louis Parker's "Beaconsfield" play. The cast of the play, which will be produced at the Empire Theatre in about ten days' time, includes Miss Millie Legarde, Miss Marjorie Dore, Miss Unity More, Mr. Clarence Blakiston, and Mr. Fred Eastman.

THE ELECTRIC PALACE, Marble Arch.
Continuous Performance of Picture Plays, from 2 p.m. to 11 p.m. Love Stories, Comedies, Tragedies, Sport, and Realistic Scenes of all great topical events. Prices, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: "The Sergeant," "The Ascent of Mont Blanc," "The Three Cherry Pips," "That Chink of Golden Gulch," "Jean and the Calico Doll," "Semiramis, the Queen of Babylon," "The Floating Message."

EMPIRE. "SHIP AHOY," New Nautical Ballet.
LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN,
GEO. ROBEY.
THE FAUN, a Fantasy, by Dora Bright.
Henry and Tyler, Olga Tcharna, etc.
Evenings, at 8. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

ALHAMBRA. The Grand Ballet FEMINA.
LEONORA. BRITTA. FAICO.
FALL IN, ROOKIES! By Henry Arthur Jones.
EIGHT SAXONES, FOUR HARVEYS, ON THE SANDS, &c.
Evenings, 8. Managing Director, ALFRED MOUL.

POTINS DE PARIS.

THE GRAND GUIGNOL—AT THE CAFE DE PARIS—ALICE OZY—A FIRST NIGHT IN 1859.

By "THE COUNT."

At the Grand Guignol.

Always a most enjoyable event, a first night in the Rue Chaptal. There is no playhouse I enjoy more in the Gay City than the Grand Guignol. The only wonder is—with so many plays and actors and so small a house—how does it pay? It must, for its administrator, Max Maurey, seems to thrive. Besides, he is the only theatrical director who has been decorated with the Legion of Honour by President Fallières. Six short plays, all one-acters save the blood-curdler called "Figures de Cire" (wax figures). Two gay young sparks about town get caught in a rainstorm and take refuge in a café at Montmartre with a *demi-mondaine*.

They talk of "fear," and one bets the other that he won't undertake to spend the night alone in the wax-work show belonging to an old gent. present. Done! Pierre accepts. I could not help being reminded of that scene in "The Whip" at Old Drury. But one of the figures begins to move. It is that of a girl who has taken refuge there from the police. And Pierre is so terrified that he shuffles off there and then, and is taken for a wax figure by the *agents* who come in to nab the damsel. All the remaining playlets are excellent and well played.

At the Cafe de Paris.

"Cocher, au Café de Paris!" is the cry when the show is over. I always enjoy a hearty supper after that bill-of-fare served up by the Grand Guignol. By midnight the place is packed, and Henri has to send people into the left-hand wing. No wonder! Morris and Léona have returned, and all Paris seems to be there. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould, George Kessler, Harry Rosenfeld, Jean de Reszke and his wife, Prince Constantin Radziwill (whose portrait has appeared in these columns), the Polignacs, the Grand Dukes Boris and Alexander, Pierre Charron, Nicolopoulo, Delaunay-Belleville, and many others are about. *Parmi ces dames:* Lise Radoline, Morlange, Jane d'Argent, Manon Loti, Berthe Fontana, de Brémont, Darbell, Miryanne, and de Grandval. The Apache dance always has the greatest success, and why? Because it is *vicieux*, and the girls always like to be flung about and ill-treated by their *petit homme chéri*—the youth they love!

Alice Ozy.

That drama in the Rue de Rome—where a Mme. Ollivier d'Ambricourt was assassinated by a well-known character in the surroundings of the Saint Lazare station called Captain Meynier—has revived memories of Alice Ozy, who, under the reign of Louis Philippe and the last Empire, was one of the most popular members of the high Parisian *demi-monde*. Alice Pillois (that was her real name) began her adventurous life by becoming the friend of the comedian Brindeau, who obtained for her an engagement at the Variétés. One evening, on receiving a command to perform at the Tuileries, she made a great impression on the, at that time, easily inflammable heart of the Duc d'Aumale, who had just returned from the campaign in Algeria. During the whole of the next summer the Duke never left her, and was frequently seen walking by her side on the boulevards, where she lived at the Maison Dorée.

On the Duke's departure the son of a rich banker became her official protector, and among her numerous other friends were celebrities like Théophile Gautier, Alexandre Dumas, Charles Hugo, and Gustave Doré. She generally spent the summer months in her fine villa at Enghien—not far from the spot where the present Casino stands—and during the winter lived in a large apartment on the Boulevard Haussmann, where she died in 1893, aged 87 years.

In her will Alice Ozy left the greater part of her fortune (four million francs) to the Society of Dramatic Artists. It was this will that the murdered lady of the Rue de Rome and her lover, Captain Meynier, were going to attack. For Meynier's mother was née Pillois, and her aunt was none other than Alice Ozy.

A First Night in the 'Fifties.

Mention of Alice Ozy's name recalls to my mind a passage from the "Journal" of the Goncourts, which I happened to be reading the other day, and where the brothers refer to Alice. It was a *première* at the Porte Saint Martin, the date was December 11, 1859, and the new play to be produced was called "La Tireuse de Cartes," by Victor Séjour and de Mocquard. The latter was the well-known historian of the "Crimes Célèbres," and at that time private secretary to Napoleon III., who, with the Empress Eugénie, was present in a box. A number of policemen and several *Cent-gardes* were about, and in the passage leading to the Imperial box stood Allessandri, who later on became Colonel of a crack regiment.

In a *loge d'avant-scène du rez-de-chaussée* sat Mme. Jeanne de Tourbet, who had such a nice little house in the Parc des Princes, and later on gave some celebrated artistic and literary dinners, at the same time as those of the Princess Mathilde and La Païva. She was very much *entourée*. Fiorentino, Bischoffsheim, called the friend of all the critics, Dennery, Doche, Théophile Gautier, Saint-Victor, *la mère* Félix, whose

daughter Lia (a younger sister of the celebrated Rachel) was to take the leading part, and many others, were about.

Alice Ozy's Jealousy.

The play had hardly begun before it was apparent to all quick observers that the real drama of that night was not only confined to the stage. All eyes were on Saint-Victor, for it had become known that the celebrated critic had begun a *liaison* with Lia Félix, who continually kept looking at her lover. What made the situation all the more interesting, to those acquainted with the volatile Saint-Victor, was the presence, in the

Max Dearly and Eve Lavalliere in "Le Bois Sacre," from which "Decorating Clementine" was adapted.

second balcony, of his lately abandoned lady-love, who was none other than Alice Ozy! There she sat, accompanied by Virginie Duclay, glaring at him furiously and violently agitating an immense black fan.

During the *entr'actes*, Jules Janin could be seen sitting on a bench in the foyer; Villemessant (founder of "Le Figaro") was giving an account of a Galliffet duel; Villemot was showing off a new white waistcoat he had bought at the "Belle Jardinière"; Crémieux and his cough, Marchal, and other regular first-nighters were about. As the curtain fell on the fourth act and the audience started calling for the artists, Saint-Victor got so excited that he rose in his seat, and, clapping his hands, cried out, "Lia toute seule!" only to hear his voice drowned by the crowd, who shouted "Tous, tous!"

Afterwards all the critics made for Lia's dressing-room, where the actress was overwhelmed with congratulations, to which she could only reply, "Ah! mes enfants! mes enfants!"

Love Letters.

Among those who inherited at Alice Ozy's death was Alidor Delzant. A sum of 50,000 fr. was made over to him, with which he magnanimously founded pensions for three different poor *confrères* of the literary world. He also inherited a number of papers, among which were love-letters written to Alice by Théophile Gautier, Saint-Victor, Charles Hugo, Gustave Doré, and Edmond About. Delzant related (this was in March, 1893) how Alice Ozy came to leave so much money, most of which was not given to her, but made in fortunate speculations. Her chief *entreteneur* used to give her twenty or thirty Lyons (railway company, not refreshment!) shares from time to time, instead of cash and jewellery. For fifteen years and more she let all the money obtained in this way accumulate.

Charles Hugo's letters, it appears, were of particular interest, as most of them were written at a time when old Victor Hugo made violent love to Alice, who would have accepted the latter's offers but for the son, who wrote that he would not at any price *partager cet incestueux commerce*, and preferred to retire *le cœur déchiré*. Alice had a good look at herself in a looking-glass, thought the matter over, and finally decided for the son in preference to the father. The author of "Notre Dame de Paris," they say, was very much cut up, and never forgave his son Charles for having stolen the affections of Alice Ozy.

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FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

THE "VOTES FOR WOMEN" QUESTION.

By LADY ANGELA FORBES.

The burning question of Votes for Women, with the reiterated cry of the equality of the sexes, brings home to anyone who really thinks the subject out to its logical conclusion how very unequal, as a matter of fact, the sexes really are.

Physically, women are incapable of competing with men; that women, by hard work and perseverance, have attained a proficiency in various subjects, is true, but bring the most capable woman in any department of life in competition with the most capable man, and she will certainly take a back seat.

"Two Wrongs Do not Make a Right."

The favourite argument in favour of woman's suffrage—that it is unfair for an educated and propertied woman to be unable to vote while her illiterate gardener or groom may go to the poll and indirectly have a voice in the government—is one which may easily be turned against the users. Two wrongs cannot make a right; if we are suffering at the moment from *over*-suffrage, why should we increase this difficulty?

Even the limited Bill introduced last session by Mr. Shackleton would at once give the vote to a large number of "latch-key" voters of the feminine sex who would be utterly incapable of using judgment or resisting the paid Socialist agitator. Besides, the movement could not stop there. Votes for the few would mean votes for the many, and those who have moved in the Suffragist circles cannot fail to know that the more advanced type already declare that the vote alone will not satisfy them.

The working man, once given the vote, soon found his way to Westminster; why not the working woman? Taking this factor together with the fact that there is an enormous preponderance of women in Great Britain, and there can be little doubt that in a very few years the country would be entirely governed by the masses—by people with all to gain and little to lose.

Friends or Enemies?

It is generally recognised by students of psychology and physiology that the adherents to the movement are largely recruited from the unfortunate women who, lacking wifehood and motherhood, are suffering from imaginary sex antagonism.

To hear some of these women talk and to read their posters, one would think that men were our natural enemies. After all, the law-givers of England have treated us with sufficient consideration, making many laws that bear heavily on themselves. The Breach of Promise Laws, the Married Woman's Property Act, the fact that if a woman wishes to get rid of her husband she can make him supply the necessary funds, are all these to count for nothing?

Apparently women are thinking that, having been given their inch, they are justified in struggling for their ell.

Woman's Natural Optimism.

One scans a woman's character and fails to find any common trait which would justify her claim to have a word in the government. Women are even more inconsistent than Mr. Winston Churchill, and would "rat" as easily, whilst their natural optimism leads them to promise many things which are absolutely contrary to the laws of political economy.

Do women really believe that, if they had votes, sweating and prostitution, and all the other evils which every woman deplores, would cease, or even become less common?

The "Physical Force" Argument.

The Suffragists decry the physical argument, declaring that, in these days, brain is what tells and physical force belongs to the dark ages. Have they realised that not a single law made by women could be brought into effect, nor a single international treaty enforced, without the help of man?

A Suggestion.

The oft-reiterated cry of "Woman's place is the home" is obviously absurd: many of them have no homes! But, although every woman was destined to be a mother, there is work and endless occupation to hand for the woman who has been denied the blessing of husband, home, and children. There are so many useful spheres for woman to-day, and so much work for them to do municipally and educationally, without putting their finger into a political pie. The women who are clamouring for votes argue that if they cannot fight, they at least supply the world with fighters. Well, why should they not also rest content with supplying the world with voters.

Mrs. PANKHURST
as seen by an opponent.

The Present Tactics.

Women are naturally

emotional, governed by their hearts rather than by their heads; they are lacking in foresight, and, while clamouring for justice, are singularly deficient in this quality.

There is no doubt that women in the past have been prominent actors on the stage of the world's history, but it has been through their influence over men; this influence women are fast losing, and a further continuance of their present tactics will not only lose for them what they have as yet retained, but will gain for them universal ridicule.

A NEW "SONG OF THE SHIRT."

(Needlework is becoming fashionable again.)

Dear Girl, since I breathed out my passion
And you (like a sport) answered "yes,"
I've found you the martyr of fashion,
In all that's denoted by "dress."
So now I make haste to inform you,
That nowadays Fashion allows
A lady to know how to trim a *chapeau*,
Or turn out a *lingerie* blouse.

A deftness at herring-bone stitches,
The Dame has begun to regard
As highly desirable, which is
A jolly look-out for the bard,
For when your *own* wardrobe's completed,
The great probability is
You'll strive for a seat with the truly *élite*,
By turning your needle to his.

You'll find he can always be trusted,
To see there is work for your box,
Abundance of buttonholes busted
And divers degenerate socks.
A task such as Fashion's ordaining,
Shall fall to your lot every day,
What time you repair the occasional tear,
Or patch up the marks of the fray.

Sustained by the rapture of knowing
That she who refuses to stop
Will reap from her diligent sewing
A most satisfactory crop
By earning for up-to-date smartness
A fame that can never grow dim,
Since the fingers that shine in the needlework line,
Deck the hands that are most "in the swim."

H.

THE CABINET.

Celia is fond of china—Oh!
She's *such* a cabinet:
Some plates I gave her, just to show
Her craze I don't forget.

She praised them all most rapturously,
But *one* aside she set. . . .
"I will have nothing cracked," said she,
"Within *my* cabinet!"

R. Mertun.

A Retired Miller.

Weakness, Neuralgia, Loss of Appetite—

That the enjoyments of life are prolonged into old age by means of Phosferine alone, is the actual experience of Mr William Cosford. As might be expected at 77 years of age, Mr. Cosford, a retired farmer and miller, suffered from general weakness, neuralgia, loss of appetite, and sleeplessness, and found all remedies useless until Phosferine was adopted. The properties of Phosferine dispelled all Mr. Cosford's nervous ailments, and reinforced his failing vitality so effectually that he has now for many years enjoyed life with the zest of a far younger man. In the ripe judgment of Mr. William Cosford, the superior value of Phosferine is, that *at any moment* he invariably obtained relief which other means failed to impart.

Thoroughly overcome.

Mr. William M. Cosford, Limes Cottage, Brockley, R.S.O., Worcestershire, writes:—"I have derived great benefit from your excellent remedy Phosferine. I am 77 years of age, and for some time I suffered much from general weakness, giddiness, loss of appetite, and tried several remedies, but in no instance have they given the relief I invariably obtained from Phosferine. At my advanced age, one cannot expect to feel the vigour of youth, but still I am able to take an interest in things going on around me, and enjoy life in an equable manner, much of which *I ascribe to the sustaining aid of Phosferine.* Since taking Phosferine, my appetite has also improved, and I find I sleep better, and wake up more refreshed My wife, who was an invalid for years through paralysis, found Phosferine invaluable in strengthening the nerves and removing neuralgia and sleeplessness."—Sept. 9, 1910.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Sciatica	Heat Nausea
Indigestion	Backache	Influenza
Sleeplessness	Maternity Weakness	Nuritis
Rheumatism	Premature Decay	Faintness
Neuralgia	Mental Exhaustion	Headache
Brain-Fag		

and all Disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the Nervous System.

The Remedy of Kings

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands to

THE ROYAL FAMILY.
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.
H.M. THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.
H.M. THE KING OF GREECE.
H.I.M. THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.
THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF CHINA.

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE SOCIAL WORLD.

By "ALICE" OF "THE LOOKING GLASS."

Women who are not personally interested in the success of some particular candidate will find plenty of work waiting for them during the election. Lady St. Helier is issuing an appeal to Unionist ladies, and an enthusiastic meeting of the Women's Unionist and Tariff Reform Association was held at Lady Alington's house in Portman Square on Monday, and resulted in a great display of resolution.

* * *

The engagement of Lady Violet Manners to Lord Elcho's eldest son, the Hon. Hugo Charteris, is now public property. Both young people are popular, and as Lady Violet is an acknowledged beauty and Mr. Charteris inherits his father's dry wit, they make rather a charming couple. All the Duchess of Rutland's daughters are clever and unconventional, and understand the art of augmenting their unusual type of beauty by adopting a slightly unusual type of dress. Princess Patricia is numbered among their great friends.

* * *

Melton Mowbray is full of the usual hunting crowd, and Lady Warwick, who now hunts—or rides about—in High Leicestershire in preference to places nearer home, is entertaining. Her guests are not Socialists, however, at the moment, nor smart society people, but a hard-riding contingent from Ireland.

* * *

Doubtless the "Socialist Countess" will take an active part in the coming election, gracing many Socialist platforms, where her words, I am afraid, call forth quite as much ridicule as respect. Lady Warwick seems to have no sense of humour. She evidently forgets that she has been before the public for a great many years—and not always in the guise of a Socialist. It is not surprising that she should consider thirty shillings a week as insufficient living wage. There was a time when she declared it impossible to live on thirty thousand a year.

* * *

The opening of the Olympia Skating Club on Sunday is being eagerly anticipated by its younger members, who take very little interest in the political happenings of the moment, and who regard the club as an ideal place for flirtation—*pour passer le temps.* Viscount Crichton is again president, and the vice-presidents include the Marquess of Cholmondeley, the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale, Lord and Lady Portarlington, Viscountess Crichton, Lord and Lady Coke, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, the Hon. Algernon Stanley, the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Stonor, Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, and numbers of others well known in the social world.

[*Rita Martin.*

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK,
popularly known, nowadays, as "The Socialist Countess."

A BOON TO TRAVELLERS.

Smokers will appreciate the fact that the Cigarette with the exquisite aroma and delicate flavour may now be obtained at all the principal Government depôts throughout Italy and France, as well as at all the best tobacconists on the Continent.

The word which stands for all that is excellent in Cigarette manufacture is ABDULLA!

PARLIAMENT: REVOLT OF THE PEERS.

A final war-dance in the limelight of St. Stephen's, and then the oratorical deluge of the election which is lapping about your ears now!

Peers propounded a new policy. In a hurry they paraded for a full-dress performance. Privy Councillors jostled round the Throne. Peeresses smiled from side galleries. The "take it or leave it" Veto Bill of the Government was to be mumbled over, and then kicked out. An historic occasion, of course, but rather dull; an anticipation that the kicking-out might be done by inches. Ring Master the Earl of Crewe started the show, as advertised, by monotonously blessing the Bill. Then the pace quickened, for something went wrong, as it was secretly arranged it should. Unruly dukes and others objecting to the Government whip-flicks got the bit between their teeth, and, with the going of thoroughbreds, went their own way. "What's the use," they said, "of going round and round and getting nowhere? Let's have a straight run for our money, even if to-

MR. BIRRELL DODGING THE SUFFRAGETTES.

morrow we die." Their way they called "the alternative policy," and so the curtain was rung down on the official programme, and the "A.P." was staged two nights later. For two nights it was played to full houses.

The Optimistic Peers.

Unionist Lords had not been so cheery for many days. They were in the mood to pat each other on their noble backs. Having done their best, they felt sure of an "encore" from the sorely tried electors without, who have now an opportunity to take their choice between the two programmes on the one subject. The official management who had staged the Veto Bill smiled sarcastically. "You should have thought of your precious alternative before," it said. "The electors will see through the dodge; will see it's a blind."

A Kid-Gloved Rebellion.

For a high-class, kid-gloved rebellion of this sort, the dapper Marquis of Lansdowne cannot be beaten. His manner was deferential, his voice honeyed. On either side of him, uncomfortably squeezed on the red leather bench, sat a well-known part of our aristocracy, waiting for what was to come, but behaving very correctly, so as not to give it away. Lord Crewe twirled the Bill in his bejewelled fingers—"A moderate and harmless piece of legislation," he said. A "like-to-see-me" smile appeared on the faces of opposing peers. Lord Lansdowne soon did the thing they were waiting for. They had a definite programme of their own, he explained—a much better one, which the big audience which covers these islands ought to know something about. So the curtain came down on the official Bill, and before the end of the week the alternative was passed and sent, with their lordships' compliments, to the other House. The points of the alternative include a referendum—an aye or noe question to the electors on particularly troublesome questions—and a joint sitting of the two Houses.

An Outline Only!

Trouble is hinted at all ways. "You'll want a hall as big as Olympia for your joint sitting," said Lord Crewe. Visions of a thousand legislators, all wanting to make a speech, rose up. Several legislators confided to me their belief that the scheme might produce excellent results; also unexpected ones. As nothing is said about reserved seats, Mr. Keir Hardie might find himself sandwiched between two ducal landowners, all engaged in considering a light-hearted measure for land nationalisation; Mr. Flavin, of Ireland, cheek by jowl with that famous Hibernian peer who regards Nationalists as vermin; and Victor Grayson—should Fate be kind to him on polling day—having a friendly chat with the Duke of Norfolk as to the best way of extinguishing ground landlords. But the Olympia point was rather flattened later when it was explained that a delegation from each House was intended.

"How will you pick them out?" was the question. Green-eyed jealousy might rear its ugly head. Mr. Jenks, the chosen of Manchester, wouldn't like staying at home whilst Mr. Jenks, the chosen of Liverpool

was hob-nobbing with peers and settling the law of the land. Mr. Jenks' constituents would feel sore about it also. The answer was that committees and so forth were chosen every day. Over the referendum the bearded, spectacled Bishop of Birmingham shook his learned head. Industrial centres, where voters are plentiful, might swamp the agricultural vote on a farm-yard question. The Unionist answer is that the whole scheme is an outline which can be filled in later.

Lord Cromer's Suggestion.

Lord Cromer, the shrill-voiced ex-administrator from Cairo, conspicuous in the trousers of chess-board pattern which he wears on important occasions, gave nervous peers a fright. Under the Government's scheme money Bills shall not be touched by the Lords. If, he pointed out, the Commons proposed a tax on bald-headed and red-headed men, that might be declared to be a pure money Bill! There were some lordly gasps. Nearly half their lordships have shiny tops; two at least have hair which is certainly not black; one is both red and bald. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, of course, is well thatched.

Lord Ribblesdale on "The Club."

From Lord Weardale, Liberal—a kick at the Government, a lament over the "take it or leave it" policy; from Lord Ribblesdale, Liberal, a kind of left-hander; from the ringing-voiced young Archbishop of York, something which was not a blessing. Lord Ribblesdale is a tallish, dignified peer, whose hair and clothes somehow suggest mid-Victorian times. He declared for the alternative; was, in fact, rather comfortable as he was. The Lords' armchairs were good, they had plenty of bright, warm fires about the place, and the writing-paper was smooth and impressive—to say nothing about the quill pens.

A Smart Recruit for the Unionists.

Also a side-slip in the Commons. Sir John D. Rees, the authority on India, is a Liberal no more. He's been worried a good deal lately about the political faith of Mr. Lloyd George, but his pet aversions are the Socialist agitators, who, he says, week-end in India and come back with a policy. A spruce, well-dressed man with a satirical style. His seat used to be eighteen inches from the Labour leaders, whom he was rather fond of stroking the wrong way. He rubbed his eyes on Thursday afternoon, discovered there were not forty members in the House—which is the minimum number necessary—and so brought about a "count out." This defeated the Government's plan of carrying an adjournment motion. Rather smart for a recruit!

E. J. P.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is open to consider smart, topical paragraphs and verses, very short stories, and articles of general interest not exceeding one column in length. Paragraphs should reach the office by the first post on Monday. No contributions will be returned unless a stamped envelope is enclosed, and no responsibility can be accepted for contributions, although every effort will be made to ensure their safety.

AN AMAZING SECT.—NO 4.

IMPORTANT CORRECTION.

In connection with our article under the above heading, which appeared in last week's issue, we have received a letter from the solicitors of Mr. George Cecil Jones, which appears below, as also our reply.

We need hardly say that we unreservedly accept Mr. Jones' assurance that he has no connection whatever with Mr. Crowley at the present time, and we express our sincere regret for our mistake. At the same time we venture to congratulate Mr. Jones on the fact.

The following are copies of the letters referred to:—

Bullock and Co., Solicitors,
65, London Wall, London, E.C.,
24th November, 1910.

Telegraphic address: "Billitor, London."
Telephone: No. 5452 Central.

THE "LOOKING GLASS" PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Dear Sirs,—

The attention of our client, Mr. George Cecil Jones, has been drawn to a most unwarrantable libel which was published in an issue of your paper, The Looking Glass, under date, November 26th, 1910, on page 268, under the heading "An Amazing Sect—No. 3."

Unless you are willing to at once insert a full and ample apology to our client in terms to be settled by us upon his behalf, and further, to pay him a substantial sum by way of compensation, we are instructed to take proceedings against you.

Please let us hear from you by 12 noon to-morrow, Friday, the 25th inst., failing which a writ will be issued without further notice.

Yours faithfully,

Bullock and Co.

Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.,
25th November, 1910.

Dear Sirs,

MR. G. C. JONES AND THE "LOOKING GLASS" PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

With reference to your letter of yesterday's date, addressed to the "Looking Glass" Publishing Company, Limited, and with further reference to our telephonic communication this afternoon, we think it only right to put you in full possession of the facts in so far as explaining how the paragraph came to be written in our clients' paper.

Our clients had been placed in possession of evidence that your client did introduce Mr. Crowley to the "Rosicrucian Order," and to that extent, therefore, had been associated with him. Coupled with this evidence came the statement from the same source that your client was still associated with Crowley. We understand, however, from your telephonic communication to-day that your client assures you that the latter statement is quite unfounded. Our clients instruct us to accept that assurance absolutely without reserve, and they do so the more readily as they had not the slightest reason or intention to cause your client any injury. Their quarrel is with Mr. Crowley, and with him alone. This being so our clients will be only too pleased to withdraw their statement in the next issue of their paper, and will commend Mr. Jones on his having severed his connection with this man, and also apologise for any inconvenience that he may have been put to by them.

We cannot think, however, that he has suffered any damage, and therefore our clients cannot entertain any suggestion under that head; but inasmuch as they desire to prove to your client that they do not wish him to suffer in any shape through their mistake, they are willing to pay a sum of £5 as costs, but this would be purely an "ex gratia" payment.

In conclusion, our clients instruct us to state that they trust to receive from us on Monday morning the form of apology which you may consider should be inserted; but as the next issue of the paper goes to press at 12 o'clock on that day, we shall be glad if you will let us have it before that time.

Yours faithfully,

Broxholm and Williams.

Messrs. Bullock and Co.,
65, London Wall, E.C.

FAITHFUL PORTRAITS.

No. 10.—Mr. WILLIAM KESWICK, M.P.

Mr. William Keswick, whom we have selected as the subject of our Faithful Portrait this week, rather by way of illustrating the remarks in our last issue anent "the guinea-pigs in finance, who aspire to become guinea-pigs in politics also," than on account of his own special prominence, was born in 1835. He is a member of the firm of Matheson and Co., Merchants, of 3, Lombard Street, E.C. His residence is Eastwick Park, near Leatherhead. He has been a Member of Parliament for the Epsom Division since 1899, and is again standing in the Unionist interest. Up to the present the seat is unopposed, but we should not be altogether surprised if after these remarks have appeared someone takes heart of grace and makes an attack on what should not prove an impregnable fortress.

Mr. Keswick is also a Justice of the Peace for Surrey, and was High Sheriff in 1898.

We now turn from these evidences of his position and prosperity to trace the record of his activities in the world of finance—the solid basis on which the superstructure of his Parliamentary and magisterial offices has been reared.

We find that Mr. Keswick has been, or is, the director of the following companies, whose record in each case we append:—

1. Aroa Mines, Limited.—Liquidated.
2. Bank of China, Japan, and the Straits, Limited (Chairman).—Reconstructed as No. 3.
3. Bank of China and Japan, Limited (Chairman) (Reconstruction of No. 2).—Liquidated.
4. Berehaven Syndicate, Limited.—Liquidated.
5. Quebrada Railway Land and Copper, Limited.—Reconstructed as No. 6.
6. Bolivar Railway Company, Limited (Chairman) (Reconstruction of No. 5).—Preference dividend in arrear.
7. British and Chinese Corporation, Limited (Chairman).—Pays dividends.
8. British and Korean Corporation, Limited.—Liquidated.
9. Burma Rice and Trading Company, Limited (Chairman).—No dividends.
10. Canadian Goldfields, Limited.—Reconstructed; now liquidated.
11. Huelva Industrial Company, Limited (vendors Matheson and Co.).—Liquidated.
12. Chinese Central Railways, Limited.—No dividends.
13. Imperial Bank of Persia, Limited.—Pays dividends.
14. Indo-China Steam Navigation Company (Chairman).—Preference dividend in arrear.
15. Montrado Company, Limited.—Liquidated.
16. Mountain Mines, Limited (Chairman).—Reconstructed as No. 17.
17. Mountain Copper Company, Limited (Reconstruction of No. 16).—Again reconstructed and has paid no dividends since.
18. Panuco Copper Company, Limited (Chairman—Matheson and Co., promoters).—Compulsorily liquidated. (See below).
19. Pena Copper Mines, Limited (Matheson and Co., commercial agents).—No dividends since 1906.
20. Rangalla Tea Company, of Ceylon, Limited (Chairman).—Pays dividends.
21. Smelting Company, of Australia, Limited (Chairman).—Vendors to No. 22. Reconstructed as Smelting and Refining Company of Australia (1901), which has been finally liquidated.
22. White Rock Silver Mine, Limited (vendors No. 21).—Liquidated.

It will be seen from the above list that Mr. Keswick has been, or is, a director of twenty-two companies engaged in such varied businesses as copper mining in Venezuela and Mexico; banking in China, Japan, the Straits, and Persia; railway management in Bolivar, China, and Quebrada; finance in Korea; rice-growing and trading in Burma; steam navigation in China; tea cultivation in Ceylon; gold mining in Canada; silver mining in Australia; besides attending to the political needs of the Epsom Division of Surrey for the past eleven years!

It would appear, however, that Mr. Keswick's ability is hardly commensurate with his ambition, for of the above twenty-two companies only three pay dividends, six carry on an unprofitable existence, and thirteen (absit omen!) have died. Amongst the latter is numbered the Panuco Copper Company, Limited (No. 18), of which Mr. Keswick's firm were the promoters.

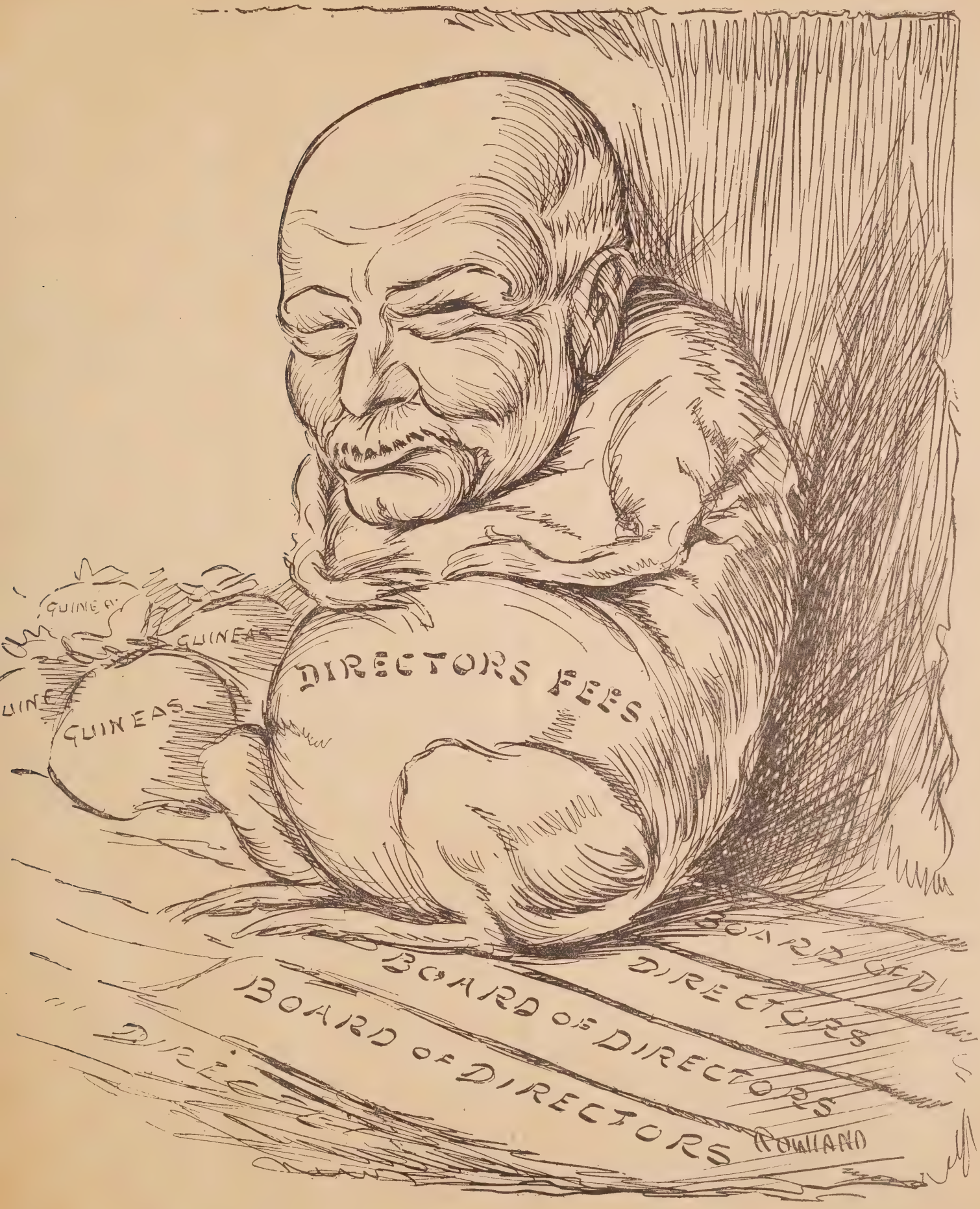
The following are observations made to the Board of Trade, by the Inspector-General in Companies' liquidation, as to the manner in which the company was floated and the public invited to subscribe for its shares:—

Panuco Copper Company, Limited—duration ten months. Formed to acquire and work Panuco Copper Mine in Northern Mexico. In December, 1898, the mine was the property of an American company, who were apparently willing to sell it for £70,000. This purchase price was subsequently inflated through successive intermediaries to the amount of £375,000, for which sum it was bought by the above company, £208,334 being payable in cash and 166,666 in fully-paid shares.

In parenthesis, we may remark here that the property of the company, valued by the original owners at £70,000, and sold to a company promoted by Mr. Keswick, M.P., and others, for £375,000, was ultimately sold by the Official Receiver in Companies Winding-up for £500, a sum which represented a return to shareholders of, say, one farthing in the £. But they did not even receive this consolation, and the cost of liquidating must have swallowed up the entire proceeds!

To return to the Inspector-General's observations:—

A well-known English firm (Mr. Keswick's firm of Matheson and Co.), were mentioned in the prospectus as commercial



GORGED.

THE GUINEA-PIG MEMBER FOR EPSOM.

agents of the company. This firm underwrote 10,000 shares, of which they actually took up and paid for 7,425, and a member of the firm (Mr. Keswick) became Chairman of the company. They also received 12,000 fully-paid shares, of which 2,000 were allotted in consideration of their underwriting subscription, the balance being, according to a judgment of the court in certain proceedings taken by aggrieved shareholders, *allotted in consideration of their agreement to take the company into their office.* No mention was made of the 10,000 shares in the prospectus, and an action is now pending at the instance of the liquidator to recover the value of the shares in question.

We break off here to mention the fact that the Inspector-General subsequently reported that Mr. Keswick had settled the action by paying £8,000. As to the action by aggrieved shareholders against Mr. Keswick, referred to by the Inspector-General, we have to state that it was heard by Mr. Justice Farwell in 1900.

The plaintiffs alleged that the prospectus of the company, promoted by Mr. Keswick's firm, was misleading in that it omitted material particulars. The learned judge upheld the plaintiff's claim, and gave judgment against Mr. Keswick and his co-defendants. Mr. Keswick appealed, and the appeal was heard two years afterwards, when the Lord Justices, without calling upon the other side, unanimously dismissed the appeal.

It will thus be seen that in the case of the only promotion which received an investigation at the hands of the Board of Trade and the Law Courts, the judgment was exceedingly unfavourable to Mr. Keswick. The records of his other companies speak for themselves.

How does this career strike the electors of the Epsom Division of Surrey? Are they proud of the City ramifications of the candidate who has long represented, and proposes to represent, them in Parliament? Do they think that they are honoured by becoming his constituents? Are they prepared to hear it said that a constituency is represented by the member whom it deserves? And, to take a broader view, are men like Mr. Keswick—men who are "guinea-pigs in finance and who aspire to become guinea-pigs in politics also"—those who should be elected to the Mother of Parliaments for the purpose of directing the destinies of the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen?

We ask our readers, without any distinction of party, whether they, in their own constituencies, are prepared to support candidates, of no matter what shade of political faith, who have had a similar financial career to that of Mr. Keswick? And we ask them further, whether they do not agree with the sentiments expressed by Colonel Alfred Mayhew in his letter, which we print elsewhere, namely, that the time has come when the electors should be shown how the pluralist director "after guinea-pigging for fees" (and, we may add, promotion plunder), "seeks to guinea-pig for the loaves and fishes of office"?

Mr. Keswick is a fair sample of the tribe, and we are furnishing electors, through the secretaries of their political associations, with the records of other political candidates, some of which are even worse than the one we have just outlined. We believe that in doing so we shall be more usefully employed for the good of the Nation and the Empire than in taking part in the academic discussions with which voters are being surrounded on all sides, as to whether the German is being willingly or unwillingly fed on horseflesh, or whether a few insignificant members of the House of Lords should or should not be swept away.

Owing to the political stress of the moment, we decided this week to give our readers a Faithful Portrait of a typical "guinea-pig" M.P. Our portrait next week will be selected from among the following:—

MR. DAVISON DALZIEL.
MR. ARTHUR DU CROS.
SIR EDGAR VINCENT.
SIR CHARLES D. ROSE.
SIR T. WHITTAKER.
MR. T. E. POLDEN.
SIR WILLIAM BASS.
MR. MONTAGU PYKE.
MR. HENRY LOWENFELD.
MR. EDGAR COHEN.
MR. ERNEST WELLS (Swears).
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

We shall be guided in our choice by the votes of our readers.

VOTE EARLY AND VOTE OFTEN.

The Honourable Mrs. Herbert Stourton has joined Lady Angela Forbes in the management of the neat little flower shop in Curzon Street, known as "My Shop, Ltd." Lady Angela takes business very seriously, and has, of late, been going down to Covent Garden at half-past five in the morning to buy her flowers. She wears golfing kit, and the merchants find her a keen bargainer, as she is quick to see whether the blossoms have been too tightly packed, touched with frost, or otherwise damaged.

"ADVICE BUREAU."

Advice on any subject, or suggestion as to a way out of any difficulties, whether

SOCIAL, FINANCIAL, or SENTIMENTAL,

will be given free to any reader of The Looking Glass by an experienced

MAN OF THE WORLD,

who has been through every kind of difficulty, and surmounted most of them. Letters should be marked "Advice" in the left-hand corner, and, of course, will be treated in the strictest confidence. A personal interview can be arranged by appointment only.

ADVICE BUREAU COUPON.

"The Looking Glass," Dec. 3.

Name _____

Address _____

For the use of correspondents writing to The Looking Glass for advice on any matters, financial or otherwise. Address: Advice Bureau or Finance Editor, The Looking Glass, 149, Fleet Street, E.C.

(Available until December 10.)

OUR FINANCIAL MIRROR.

WHAT'S WHAT IN THE CITY.

With regard to the remarks in our last week's issue as to the Rome International Amusement and Construction Company, and its directors, we are making further careful inquiries, and we expect to be in a position to go fully into the matter next week.

The members of the British Empire Trust, Ltd., are being summoned to extraordinary meetings in their respective constituencies for the purpose of reconstructing their venture, by removing the present chairman, King George V., and electing Mr. Asquith in his place. The promoter of the scheme is Mr. Redmond, who is spending 200,000 dollars in carrying through the scheme.

They are now dealing in a new "stock" on 'Change. It is called "Majority," and represents what the punters regard as the final balance of Liberal votes at the General Election. The operations began with a bull of "Majority" at 120, and as there were plenty of bears about, the quotation has now slumped to 95. We advise further bear operations.

"A week or two ago the Postmaster-General, headed by a posse of detectives, raided a bucket-shop and caused the arrest of its principals, who are now standing their trial on charges of swindling the public out of some £10,000,000." No, gentle reader, this event did not happen in London, but in New York. The American press applauds the action of Mr. Hitchcock, the P.M.G. in question,

> as an effort worthy of the man, who really desires to prevent the mails from being used for fraudulent purposes.

When shall we be able to compliment a British Postmaster-General on emulating the example now set him?

We are publishing this week, in another column, an article on "Outside-dealers and Cover-snatchers." We liken the upright outside-dealer to a respectable bookmaker, and give it as our opinion that there is no valid reason why the public should not back shares with the one, in the same manner as it now backs horses with the other.

By a strange coincidence, Mr. Thomas Henry Dey, Turf Commissioner, of 40, Old Bond Street, has joined the ranks of the former, and proposes to permit his clients to back their fancies either in shares or in horses. There is no reason why bookmakers should not combine both classes of business, and if some of the reputable ones follow Mr. Dey's example, the cover-snatcher may be stamped out as completely in the City as the welsher has been on the Turf.

The City papers have again been distinguishing themselves by announcing the suspension of business of a second-class money-shop and bill-discounter as the "Failure of a 'Bank.'" The London Trading Bank, Limited, had no claim to be considered as a financial institution of any consequence, and its failure is a matter of perfect indifference to the City.

One of its directors is Mr. John Orlando Law, who has been a director of some thirty mining companies, every single one of which has been a total and unqualified failure.

In our last issue we drew attention to the frequent appearance of puffs in the newspapers, disguised as impartial and genuine expressions of opinion on the part of readers. We commented on the fact that in the majority of cases these puffing letters were not signed with the respective names and addresses of their supposed writers. The following are further instances culled from the financial Press of the current week:—

"A Shareholder:

> "I should be glad if any of your readers could give reasons, independent of mere opinion or prejudice, why the recent issue of fresh capital by Rubber Securities has called forth unfavourable notice in the Rubber Press. . . Directors who have done such good work in the past merit more confidence at the hands of investors."

We gave the names of the directors in our issue of 19th ult., and when we publish their respective directorial records "A Shareholder" will have good cause to revise his opinion as to the good work which he alleges they have done in the past.

Then we have "Investor," who gives his "address" as "Mark Lane, E.C.," and who concludes a letter eulogistic of Rand Klips as follows:—

> I am sure some of your readers will be glad to hear of a share which can be purchased below the break-up value.

We feel more sure, however, that readers would be "glad to learn" the name of the philanthropist who takes the trouble to put the world at large on "a good thing," and carefully avoids being thanked by them, in keeping his identity dark.

Puffs are appearing in the papers of the Great Oriental Gold Mines, Limited. The company was formed in 1908, and its accounts for 1909 show a cash balance of £56 as against creditors £6,359. The shares are not marketable, and the announcement in a paper called "Finance" that "the Stock Exchange quotation for the 5s. shares is about par," is "about on a 'par'" with the other mendacious statements made in the puff in question.

Nerchinsk "gold" shares have risen 50 per cent. during last account; but we have not noticed any mention of this fact in the financial papers. Surely with Consols and other alleged gilt-edged securities falling heavily such an event as a 50 per cent. rise in a share ought not to go unrecorded? Let it not be said that we of The Looking Glass fail to note what is going on around us in the World of Finance!

Lest the uninitiated be misled by the preceding paragraph, let us say, at once, that the 50 per cent. rise in Nerchinsk Gold shares was one from 1d. to 1½d. apiece, and that, whilst we regarded the previous quotation as too high by 1d., we regard the present one as too high by 1½d. Still, for eighteenpence a dozen, the shares might be found cheap by those who have a fancy for papering their walls with stock-certificates. We can recommend nothing cheaper at the moment, as Nerchinsk hold the low record in the Stock Exchange Making-up List at the moment.

We would warn our readers against putting any money into Aztec Ventures, Limited, a concern which has as one of its directors Mr. Bertram King, late secretary of the Atlas Banking Corporation, Limited, the Delyannis "Bank," which is now being compulsorily liquidated, and of which more will be heard.

Readers will remember that we published in our last issue a list of companies directed by Major-General Sir Norman Robert Stewart, Bart. Curiously enough

"Truth" of last week contains a lengthy reference to one of Sir Norman's companies, No. 3 on our list, namely, the British Columbia Mines, Land, and General Finance Co., Limited, which is inviting deposits from the public, under circumstances which our contemporary denounces as most objectionable.

It appears that a firm calling itself Henway, Lang, and Co., and giving their address as 11, Bow Lane, E.C., advertise their desire to hear from "all Post Office and Savings Bank depositors." When a response is sent to Henway, Lang, and Co., Mr. Arthur Luke, late secretary of the defunct Vigilant Investment Registry, Limited, replies and suggests that the British Columbia Mines, etc., Co., Limited, be entrusted with cash on terminable deposit certificates. As, up to August 26 last, the company only had some £5,000 cash of its own, we can quite appreciate its anxiety to act as receiving bankers for the public in general, but we cannot see why the public should respond. This depositing of cash, withdrawable only after a certain period has elapsed, will hardly commend itself at the moment when the Charing Cross Bank collapse is still one of the topics of the day.

Some pointed questions are being asked by subscribers to the Victoria Palace, Limited, the company which is about to erect a music-hall on the site of the Pimlico Standard. The prospectus contained the names of five directors: Messrs. Alfred Butt, E. Cremetti, and T. E. Polden, of the Palace Theatre, Limited, and Messrs. Walter Gibbons and Walter de Frece, of the Gibbons-De Frece circuits. It appears that Messrs. Cremetti, Gibbons, and De Frece resigned from the board between the issue of the prospectus of the notice convening the statutory meeting, and that Mr. Alfred Butt has refused to enlighten shareholders as to the reasons which prompted these resignations. We are surprised to hear it. Mr. Butt is a gentleman whom we could not have suspected of taking up such a high-handed attitude, and we feel sure that, on reflection, he will be induced to abandon it.

Should he not do so, it can only be because, like so many other directors, he does not appreciate the fact that he is merely the agent for the proprietors of the business, the shareholders, and not their "boss."

We beg to commend the action of the directors of the Hay Mines, Limited, in not making public the contents of a cable they received from Rhodesia, giving phenomenal assay results from the property, until they had further confirmation. Such confirmation has now been received, and the outlook for the shareholders is certainly most promising; but they should not lose sight of the fact that assay results are—assay results, and nothing more. The consistent richness of a gold deposit, from which they are taken, should not be argued therefrom.

Hard upon our recent paragraphs with reference to the Stock Exchange rules forbidding members to become directors of companies engaged in dealing as outside-brokers, come the revised rules, which, we note with satisfaction, adopt our suggestion that members be also prohibited from holding debentures over the assets of such an institution. It now remains for the S.E. Committee to deal with members who assist outside-dealers by telephoning the tape prices to them. We trust that the matter may be investigated without delay, and the culprits punished.

On Outside Dealers and Cover-Snatchers.

As promised, we now make clear our attitude towards outside-dealers, whom we place in two different classes.

In the one class are those who enter upon deals in the same manner as respectable bookmakers run their books; the other class contains welshers. The outside-dealer, whom we compare to a bookmaker, is the one whose offer to the World at large is to back their fancy in stocks and shares, and he will invariably lay against it. The terms upon which he does business are that the clients pretend to purchase from him—and he pretends to sell to them—any stocks or shares they may fancy at the market price ruling for buyers at the time the deal is entered upon. This class of outside-dealer demands, as do bookmakers, a deposit or cover from those clients who do not care to give references or securities.

In both cases the result of the deal is regulated by the tape machine; in the case of the outside-dealer by the varying prices of the stocks or shares sent over the tape by the Exchange Telegraph Company.

It is not for us to moralise on the subject of betting. *Chacun à son goût;* but, granted that one wishes to have a "flutter," there exists no reason why one should not have it with a respectable outside-dealer in the respect to the rise or fall of a stock, just as one indulges in a bet with a bookmaker in regard to the speed of a horse.

True it is that the odds against the backer of stocks is much higher than those against the backer of horses; but we are discussing general principles, and not particular instances.

The "cover-snatcher," on the other hand, is invariably a welsher. Compared to him the respectable outside-dealer—and there are many to be found in the City—is a gentleman practising the highest system of Finance. The cover-snatcher runs his business on the basis that, whatever happens, he must win and his clients must lose. If the result of the deal in which he has engaged should by any chance go against him, he will either plead the Gaming Act or apply a little turpentine to the lettering on his office door, and paint up a new *alias* or flit to another part of the City. His method of initiating deals is not to give his clients the option to back any stocks they may fancy, but to canvass noodles and advise them to back a stock which he has good reason to believe will fall in price. In his circulars or advertisements he declares in fat type his firm and unshakable conviction that a certain stock is on the eve of a sharp rise, and that clients will make a fortune if they will back it, he laying against the correctness of his own prophecy!

If a bookmaker told his clients that he had secret stable-information that a certain horse were bound to win the Derby or any other race, surely they would not act upon his advice, knowing full well that if the horse did win, it would be the bookmaker who would be the loser?

But a cover-snatcher, with his Stock Exchange jargon of "Cover," "Contangoes," "Settlements," "Marginal Differences," "Options," "Complex Deals," and what not, clothes his tale with some kind of plausibility, obscures the real meaning of the deal, and never lacks victims.

It may be accepted as an axiom that in every deal entered into with these people the profits of the client, when made and *paid*, come out of the pockets of the cover-snatcher.

If the reader will ask himself these questions: "Why should these people be so anxious for me to make money

FARROW'S BANK Ltd.,
THE PEOPLE'S BANK.
(Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Act.)
Authorised Share Capital = £500,000.
Issued 290,000 shares.
2,500 Shareholders & Proprietors.
Branches, Sub-Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.
Chairman of Directors = = THOMAS FARROW, Esq.
POPULAR BANKING FACILITIES.
Send for Annual Report and Balance Sheet, and Illustrated Booklet, describing "Farrow's Bank, Ltd.; its History, Work, and Success."
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at their expense?" "Why, if their advice be honest, do they not *buy* the shares themselves, instead of deliberately courting losses?"—they will avoid them as they would a plague.

Our attitude towards these different classes is, therefore, a very simple one. We have no intention of endeavouring to prevent our readers from doing business with respectable outside-dealers, but we propose to levy incessant war upon the cover-snatcher.

We shall be glad to hear from those of our readers who have had dealings with either class, and we propose to pillory here those who have not played the game fairly and given their clients "a run for their money."

WHO'S WHO IN THE CITY.

The directorial record of Mr. William Keswick, M.P., for the Epsom Division of Surrey, is being dealt with this week, under the heading of "Faithful Portraits."

The following directorial records have already appeared:—

MR. GUSTAVE ANTOINE (November 5).
PROFESSOR SIR WILLIAM CROOKES (November 19).
MR. G. P. DOOLETTE (November 12).
MR. ALEXANDER MACNAB (October 22).
SIR CARL MEYER, Bart. (October 15).
MR. THOMAS H. MYRING (November 19).
MAJOR-GEN. SIR NORMAN ROBERT STEWART, Bart. (November 26).
SIR HENRY WARDLAW, Bart. (October 29).
LORD WESTBURY (November 12).

Copies of the issues containing same may be obtained by forwarding 2½d. in stamps for each number required.

NEW ISSUES.

MONDAY'S PROSPECTUSES.

The following prospectuses were in circulation as we went to press:—

British Stamp Machines, Ltd.

As this concern is only publishing abridged prospectuses from which the purchase price of the patent to be acquired is carefully omitted, it is only possible to guess at the amount which the promoters and vendors are to receive. It is admitted that 46,000 shares of 5s. each go to them on account of the purchase consideration, and as 100,000 shares of the same face value are offered for subscription at par and should realise £25,000, we take it that a substantial slice of this cash will also go to the vendors and promoters, that is to say if the public subscriptions come up to expectations. The directors of the company are connected with the National Salvage Association, Ltd., the De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd., and the London Stock Exchange. The last-mentioned may be useful for the purpose of stock-manipulating and the first-named for any salvage operations that may become necessary in the interests of subscribers, and the De Dion Bouton director appears peculiarly fitted as a "pro-motor." Otherwise we cannot see why they have been selected to manage a stamp-affixing machine, the profits of which are estimated on a sale of 2,000 per annum. Why not 20,000 or 200?

Cinematograph Finance Corporation, Ltd.

We once heard a mutual loan office described as a business conducted by men without capital, who agreed to lend money to each other. Similarly we look with some suspicion on companies formed to finance undertakings already established. We fail to see the special qualifications possessed by the directors of this venture which would entitle them to be considered as experts how to promote cinematograph theatres or to make advances on shares in such or other undertakings. Investors are quite able to sink their capital for themselves and do not need to buy shares in new companies the directors of which propose to do it for them. There exists as little need for this company as there would be for a venture formed to finance the Cinematograph Finance Corporation, Ltd., or one formed to finance the company that might be formed to finance the company that had been formed to finance the Cinematograph Finance Company, Ltd.

THE INVESTMENT AND DEBENTURE SYNDICATE, LTD.

In these "get rich quick" times, when all sorts and conditions of wild schemes which look very well on paper, but, when practically applied, fail, it is pleasing to note that at least one financial house has more than carried out in a most practical manner the objects for which it was founded.

The above company was only formed in November, 1909, but already the return to shareholders by way of bonuses has been equivalent to 536 per cent., while their original capital remains intact. Moreover, there appears to be every likelihood of substantial capital appreciation, and still further dividends in cash and shares. It would seem almost impossible that such returns can be obtained with any degree of safety, but the explanation lies in the fact that the public were allowed to come in on exceedingly reasonable terms.

The Investment and Debenture Syndicate, Limited, was formed in August, 1909, with the exceedingly modest capital of £1,000. It was an immediate success, and within five months of its registration it was found necessary to increase the capital to £10,000, and in the following March it was converted into a public company. Its main objects are to carry on business as general financiers, company promoters, underwriters, and stock and share brokers, and up to the present these objects have been carried out in an extremely successful manner. The first successful flotation was that of the Victoria Picture Theatres, Limited, which was offered to the public in April last, and went to allotment on May 11. The shareholders of the Syndicate received a bonus of no less than 400 per cent. on the completion of this particular transaction. In connection with the Victoria Picture Theatres, it was recently pointed out in "John Bull" that the company are building a picture theatre on a magnificent site at Ardwick Green, Manchester, which is to be the finest theatre in the provinces.

Another promising promotion is that of the Self-Acting Skipping Machine Founders' Syndicate, whose objects are to deal with the patent rights of the Self-Acting Skipping Machine on the Continent.

The Syndicate have also the right of manufacturing and selling the skipping machine in Great Britain, which in itself should prove a very valuable concession. The machines for sale in Great Britain will be manufactured by the well-known Wolverhampton firm, Messrs. Thomas Holcroft and Sons, Limited. The board includes Mr. W. T. Mackey, the inventor and patentee of the machine, Mr. A. Howarth, and Mr. W. E. Hall, both of whom have been associated with the skipping machine since its inception. It is intended to sell patents outright or deal with them by way of forming subsidiary companies, and the profits thus derived should ensure a handsome return to the Investment and Debenture Syndicate.

The Syndicate's most recent flotation was that of the Jicaro Gold Estates, Limited, which was offered for public subscription last month. The company went to allotment three days after the lists were open, and the result of the flotation was a bonus of 136 per cent. to the shareholders of the parent syndicate.

They have thus received in the present year bonuses totalling up to no less than 536 per cent., while their original capital remains intact. In addition to these special flotations, the Syndicate negotiates the purchase or sale of all marketable securities on behalf of its clients and shareholders, and, in addition, undertakes the highly remunerative business of underwriting, of course, exercising due care in the selection of the issues which they support.

At the present price of 22s. 6d.—ex the last bonus distribution—we consider the shares of the Investment and Debenture Syndicate a promising speculation:

WHAT'S WHAT ON CHANGE.

The course of prices in the stocks selected by us last week has been as we desired. When we advised a "bear" of Bullfinches and a "bull" of Rhodesian Explorations, the former were standing at $3\frac{3}{8}$ and the latter at $3\frac{1}{8}$. The next day they fell to $3\frac{1}{8}$, and on Saturday to 3 1-16. Rhodesia Explorations, on the other hand, have been quoted at $3\frac{1}{4}$, and seem firm at this price.

Those of our readers who still kept open their former operations, under our advice, should again have done remarkably well, since Roberts Victors have had a nasty fall, and Antelopes have risen another quarter.

For this week we select another

"Bear" of Roberts Victors.

In view of the political excitement, the nearness of the holidays and the usual end of the year liquidation of holdings, we are not prepared to advise any purchases. Those who hold Rhodesia Explorations may well await a further rise there, but they ought not to carry the stock over another Account.

OUR FINANCIAL PILLORY.

In order to save readers the trouble of ascertaining our opinion regarding those mining shares which we consider undesirable purchases at any time, we have compiled the subjoined list:—

African Freehold
African Mines
Ancobra Exploration
Balkis
Barberton Exploring
British Coalite
Broomassie
Brownhill Ext.
Cent. and West Boulder
Chillagoes
Christineville
Coalite
Cobra Banket
Corporation of Western Egypt
Day Dawn (P. C.)
Dharwar Gold
Dharwar Reefs
Gold Fields Exploration
Grampian Freeholds
Hannan's Proprietary
Harmony Props.
Kent Collieries
King's Treasury
Komata Reefs
La Libertad
Lancefield Gold
Liberian Rubber
Lloyd Copper
London Dublin Gold Coasts
Lyndhurst Copper
Macgregor Cloncurry
Matabele Reefs
Middleburg Steam Coal
Mines and General Trust
Mount Molloy
Mount Read
Mount Yagahong Ex.
Murchison Associated
Myall's and Peak Hill
Nerchinsk Gold
New Albion (Transvaal)
New Axim
New Brighton
New British Transvaal
New Gold Props.
New Kempinkote
New Lisbon Berlyn
New W. African Props.
North Kalgurli
North Kimberley Diamonds
North Mount Boppy
O.F.S. Diamonds
Orion Mines
Orsk Goldfields
Pahang Consols
Paringa Mines
Rhodesian Gold Explorers
San Carlos Gold
Siberian Props.
Sinti Reefs
Spiers and Pond
Spitzkop
Tarkwa Consols
Tasman and Crown Lyell
Tasman Exploration
Troitzk Goldfields
Vaal River Goldfields
Victoria and Queen
Victoria Proprietary
Wassau Bankets
West African Gold Trust
White, A. J.

Readers must not assume that because a certain share is not included in the above list it must, necessarily, form a desirable purchase.

OUR FINANCIAL POST BAG.

Readers are cordially invited to make full use of this department for ascertaining our opinion as to the merits of stocks and shares either already held by them or in which a purchase is contemplated. We shall spare no pains in order to render our expert advice valuable to them. Letters for reply must contain a stamped addressed envelope and should be marked "Finance" in the left-hand corner of the envelope, and reach the Editor at 149, Fleet Street, E.C., at latest by first post on Monday. *Under no circumstances will anonymous communications receive attention.*

Puzzled (Brighton).—We are glad that you have kept us in kindly remembrance. We think that you had better cut your loss in Rhodesia Consols. The shares are not likely to participate in any boom. Half a loaf is better than no bread.

Thrush (Accrington).—As you will have seen, our tip to "bear" Bullfinches has indeed come off. Your scepticism was, thus, unwise.

A. L. (Margate).—We are not sweet on the Weil "stable." Cam and Motors were left severely alone by the public when the prospectus appeared, and the underwriters were saddled with 80 per cent. They are now trying to off-load. Steer clear of the shares.

P. H. C. (Bridlington).—Chillagoes, which are being assiduously pushed in certain penny papers, are not recommended by us. The company has had two reconstructions, no dividends, £498,300 Six per Cent. Mortgage Debentures, and a very indifferent board of directors.

Reader (Lambeth, S.W.).—The Barberton Exploring Company, Ltd., is also a second reconstruction, and its last available accounts show a cash balance of £35, as against creditors £1,177. Mr. Stanley Banning is the chairman of this, and of several other failures.

Investor (Reading).—Bryant and Mays yield £5 6s. 8d. at present prices, but are a heavy stock at 13. South African Breweries at par yield 5 per cent., and seem more to your purpose.

Beerjug (Canning Town).—A pure—or, rather, impure—gamble. The firm is not reliable, and its circulars ought to be used for lighting the kitchen-fire.

Trustee (Accrington).—As you are allowed some latitude, a fair trust for £500 would be Salmon and Glucksteins, Maple and Cos. (Cum. Pref.), and Bovrils (Ordinary). They yield an average of just over 5 per cent., and your ward's interest would be widespread, covering tobacco, furniture, and a food speciality, all amongst the most profitable of their class.

Tenterhooks (Brighton).—It is ridiculous for you to imagine that you can obtain a safe 8 per cent. "investment." Do not be so greedy, and you will have less cause for uneasiness. I recommend you to deal only with a member of the London Stock Exchange, and even then you should be careful. Let him obtain for you the latest reports and accounts of A. and F. Pears. At present prices the Ordinaries pay $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and you could not for this return, and consistent with prudence, invest your capital better.

In the Soup (Liverpool).—Your *nom de plume* is well chosen. Well, well! You have paid dearly for your experience, and we all make mistakes sometimes—even the youngest of us.

Radical (Lowestoft).—He is, we believe, standing again. Look out for his directorial record, which, as announced on the front page, we propose to publish, together with the records of all guinea-pig candidates at the General Election. In doing so we make no distinction between parties and sink our own political leanings.

Pat (Belfast).—You will note that since your letter was posted Farrow's Bank has opened a branch in your city. You will be quite safe in dealing with it.

Replies by post have been sent to:—E. J. T. (Brixton); Rye (Rye); Pierre Louys (Llangollen); Ajax (Loughborough Junction); M. H. (Dover); Jack Tar (Chatham); Consul (Lowestoft); A. L. K. (Hamburg); F. H. G. (Curzon Street); P. A. M. (Cape Town); G. L. A. (Ceylon); H. T. (Vienna).

OUR FINANCIAL LIBRARY.

From Mr. Walter R. Skinner, the well-known compiler of that invaluable reference book, "The Mining Manual," comes a sister compilation, entitled "The Oil, Petroleum, and Bitumen Manual for 1910" (1s. net). We can mete out no higher praise to the work than to say that it will be found as indispensable to investors and speculators in the shares of companies dealing with these commodities as "The Mining Manual" has proved to be for a quarter of a century to those interested in mines.

"Rubber Facts and Figures" (Fred. C. Mathieson and Sons, 1s. net) for November, is No. 5 of a series of booklets giving in statistical form all that an investor in rubber can possibly require to know. It would be difficult, indeed, to attempt to realise what those engaged in financial operations would do without the assistance of the many excellent brochures issued by this firm, of which the one under notice is not the least valuable.

THE WORLD OF WHEELS.

By W. PARKER.

The *mariage de convenance* between the Motor Union and the Automobile Association, some time pending, has at last become a happy fact, and we may predict a long and useful career for the combination. The genial Stenson Cooke remains secretary, and the officials of both are fairly represented on the new board. This reduces our representative motoring associations to two, the other, of course, being the ever-growing R.A.C., soon to be installed in one of, if not the finest, club houses in the world in Pall Mall. The spheres of the former two rather overlapped, and to merge them into one is an excellent and economical move. There is room and even necessity for the latter two, and may they long flourish in their respective spheres. All kinds of advantages are placed at the disposal of members of the new combined association; so ye who take your motoring seriously look to it that ye be duly elected, and that soon.

Underwriters are growing more daring every day. To meet the needs of the hour the A.A. insurance policy on your car will now cover the risks of electioneering. Most companies have hitherto fought shy of the polling-booth, and, what with the hobnails and corduroys of the rural voter within and the salvoes of election eggs without, they have had reason to dread politics and its knavish tricks. I do not know if the privilege extends to Ireland; if it does, the underwriters of the A.A. are courageous men. It is a move in the right direction, anyhow, for it is an undue tax on the patriotism of any car-owner to find his machine knocked about at election times and reduced to the condition of a New York to Paris racer in a single week without a chance of compensation.

Is motor-racing dead yet? Not so certainly as the events of the last season or two would lead us to believe. In France they are still hankering after the delights of the great road-races of the past, and the A.C. of the Sarthe, with the official sanction of the A.C.F., propose to organise one next year about the end of May. The event will be sub-divided into two-speed races, one for the unlimited class and the other for cars with a bore and stroke of 110 by 200 mm. (4 cyl.), the proposed distance being 370 miles. Entries at single fees can be made till February 1 next at the rate of £100 for one, and £200 for a full team of three cars. Good for you, Automobile Club of the Sarthe! If you can pick up the lost threads of 1908 so much the better. We, at least those of us who are not manufacturers, have always regretted the action of France in doing away with the Grand Prix. The only fly in the ointment is the condition as regards the minimum of thirty entries. This is a high figure, and one can scarcely hope that it will be realised. It would be above all things interesting to see how the limited class can compare in speed with the unlimited. Great changes have taken place within the last two years, and there may be still more to learn on the road than we wot of.

The beginning of the importation of American motor-cars into this country on a large scale is undoubtedly under way, and will soon be making itself felt. The United International Motors, Limited, a concern representing no less than sixteen American factories, is already established on this side, and their prices are, to say the least of it, somewhat alarming to our home manufacturers. Some American cars—the Ford and Cadillac chiefly—have already made their mark here, and the new association, representing several cars, with an enormous output and established position in the United States, will follow up the pioneers with all the advantages of centralised management and large and expensive organisation. It is not for us to blame the Americans for this; their cars are being pushed in every quarter of the world with success, and why not here? It is strict business, and we, in spite of our patriotic talk, will find it so. When we impose a 45 per cent. duty on their machines as they do on ours, it will be time to talk. Meanwhile they have a good thing to sell, and mean to sell it. We will talk, no doubt, but many of us will buy, and from what I know of American cars we will not be disappointed either. It is *sauve qui peut* nowadays.

Don't ask me if salesmen ought to smoke at Olympia or not. I don't know. Depends on the brand, I should think. There has been a good deal of "umbrage" taken at it this year, no doubt. It seems to me it is not the smoking itself so much as the "nashty way they does it." Some of the *jeunesse dorée* on the stands seemed to be more interested in their cigarettes than their customers, and doubtless they were, for there is a kind of chap rife at motor shows in this country which does not exist elsewhere. In France or America, not to speak of other countries, salesmanship is a serious business, in which the "young blood" is taught that touch of deference and urbanity which should distinguish him who sells from him who buys. Here such a note would savour of obsequiousness, and that is not to be thought of. No one objects to Knowledge with a pipe in its mouth, but Ignorance with a cigarette is another proposition. And there lies the crux of it. It is not the cigarette or the eyeglass that annoys one, but the insouciance and amateurishness of which these things are mostly the outward and visible sign. There is something between puffing an Abdulla in your customer's face and taking off your hat to him as if you were a Russian moujik in the presence of the Czar. Nobody recommends the latter, but civilisation has agreed that the man who seeks the favour shall be subservient to him from whom it is

sought, and the sooner this is realised in business the better for everybody. Perhaps the boot is on the other leg, and the swagger young salesman is doing us a favour in selling us the car. If so be, the motor trade is indeed a prosperous one. If not, he had perhaps better conform to the rules which have differentiated vendor from purchaser ever since the days of Adam, and abate his majesty a trifle in the presence of the plutocrat. After all, it is his métier!

Don't forget that Saturday next as ever is begins the French Motor Show at the Grand Palais. Our enterprising railway companies are taking us over at cheap fares, and there will be lots to see. As the Seine falls the spirits of the Parisians begin to rise, and the gay city will welcome us as charmingly as ever. Some of our English cars will be on view, and by all accounts we shall make a sensation with them, though their numbers will be small.

It ought to be close time for aeroplanes just now, but it isn't. We shall see a Britisher cross the Channel in all probability before the end of the year in pursuit of gold and glory, and our aerodromes are all recruiting fresh men and going as strong as ever.

"ECCENTRICITIES OF DIET."

"An exciting lecture on this subject was delivered the other day by Dr. W. Saltau Fenwick at the Institute of Hygiene."—Daily Paper.

The audience listened open-eyed,
By turns amused and horrified,
While Dr. F. related what
Queer appetites some folks have got. . . .

A girl could eat, it had been found,
Codfish and candles by the pound;
Seven stone of meat—all red and raw—
Entered a boy's voracious maw!

You think the paper good to read,
But many folks on paper feed. . . .
A few go even farther, and
Visit the sea to feed on sand.

Some will devour like anything
Cotton and hair, and even string,
Cocoanut matting, leaves of trees,
Beetles, and other things like these!

With watches, glasses, others will
(We're told) the pangs of hunger still. . . .
No doubt you're thinking—are you not?—
The *audience* swallowed quite a lot!

R. Mertun.

W. PARKER & Co.
166, Piccadilly, W.
(Opposite Bond Street.)
The Famous "W&G" Landaulettes
For Hire.
Tel.:—1515 MAYFAIR 1515
("Double-Fifteen Mayfair.")

THE PLAGUE SPOTS OF LONDON.

CAN THEY BE CLEANSED?

Last week we were able to give details of a flagrant example of the outrages which are constantly attempted and too often perpetrated against young girls who, for one reason or another, are compelled to go out of their homes to earn a living for themselves.

Other cases have come to our notice, one particularly evil, where a girl of decent family was lured into an establishment in the vicinity of Victoria, carrying on an outwardly innocuous calling, and was even mulcted of a small sum of money as premium in order "to be taught the business." In this case the contract was so effectually carried out that all efforts to induce the girl to give evidence against her seducers or even leave the so-called protection have failed. And so instances could be multiplied. For the woman who comes under the influence of the procurer through some slip of her own one can feel intense sympathy; the punishment is then out of all proportion to the fault. But it is when innocent girls, through the most laudable of all incentives to activity—the desire to earn an honest living—are lured into the toils of this damnable octopus that the crime of the *souteneur* is fully revealed.

And the tragedy of the whole thing is that while every one must recognise it as a crime, the punishment meted out by law, even in such rare cases as can be proved to the hilt, is that for a misdemeanour.

Therein also is found the crux of the matter. For in the trade of procurer the prizes are out of all proportion to the risks, and the men engaged in it are quite aware that the onus of proof—which lies on those who seek to injure them—is so great that people will only undertake a prosecution when they have absolute undeniable evidence. In itself this evidence must involve the disgrace of the victim. As she is also the principal witness for the prosecution it is easy to see what a deterrent effect this must have, and even when the woman comes into court she stands, by reason of her own admissions, a target for public censure, and a person whose evidence is open to doubt.

With all these points in his favour, it is small wonder that the procurer is willing to use all manner of means in getting hold of his quarry, and finds it good business to extend his ramifications far and wide. The least that citizens, in whose midst such things occur, can demand is that when these miscreants are eventually laid by the heels summary justice be meted out. Not, as in the case of the two individuals sentenced last week—on evidence about as black as any ever heard at the Central Criminal Court—to two years' imprisonment. This sort of thing tends to make a mockery of justice, and puts back the clock of Reform incalculably. In a later paper an endeavour will be made to demonstrate that something *can* be done to curtail the lecherous activities of this class of pest, and that it is in the interest of all to see to it that the proper machinery is put in motion.

THE PRIMROSE PATH.

Being the Adventures of Raymond Forsyth at Oxford, in London and on the Turf.

By WEST F. DE WEND-FENTON.

"We've laughed at the World as we found it—
Its women, and cities, and men."—KIPLING.

CHAPTER VIII.

Raymond's parting with Oxford was greatly softened by the fact that it did not entail a simultaneous separation from his friends, and he passed the remainder of that summer in constant companionship with most of them. He sent some of his baggage to Ishley, and himself accompanied the remainder to some rooms he had in Jermyn Street, and there he took up his abode for the next three or four weeks. From this time he took in the light-hearted world of sport and amusement which has London for its headquarters, the same place which he had occupied at Oxford. His friends were identical, his life was in essentials the same; he treated conventions with the same contempt that he had shown for University rules and regulations, and amusement was still the only goal he recognised.

It was the height of the season, and his particular set were one and all in or about the metropolis, and they gave themselves up whole-heartedly to the enjoyment of the fleeting hour. It is to be feared that at that time Bohemian delights formed a more potent attraction to the gilded youth than the more orderly gaieties of Belgravia; and, indeed, it was a common thing to find some theatrical dance, where the ladies were often few in number and consequently extremely *exigeantes*, crowded with the smartest men about town, while at a big ball in Grosvenor Square, lovely débutantes leaned dejectedly against the wall, despairing of partners, and the hostess wrung her august hands over the appalling paucity of dancing men. Just lately the fashion has changed again; either the ladies of the chorus are less attractive than of yore, or those of society less dull, but at all events, while theatrical dances are now few and far between, those of Belgravia flourish exceedingly.

It is possible that the tightness of money in the City, and the momentary lack of an enterprising *jeunesse dorée*, have a good deal to do with the present state of affairs. Society dances are infinitely less expensive, and entail much less trouble, but (whisper it not in Gath) they are even now proportionately less amusing.

At the time of which I write the *jeunesse dorée* and the City magnates vied with one another in providing entertainments for the ladies of the lighter form of drama, and in the matter of organising suppers, dances, river parties, young Oxford was ever in the van. Toby Rimington, having carved a path to fame by chartering a coach on Derby Day and escorting two or three of the best-known (and most conspicuous) denizens of the Gaiety to Epsom, made his name for ever glorious by hiring, in conjunction with Sandilands, a cottage at Maidenhead, which was an accepted rendezvous for all the brightest and best of these damsels and their cavaliers. Nor was this the only house of call in this favoured spot. Within a stone's throw was the temporary abode of a West Australian magnate, noted alike for his Corona cigars and an unequalled brand of old liqueur brandy. A little further on lived in state a most charming lady, supposed to have Muscovite predilections; but her hospitality was prodigious and cosmopolitan. These were but a few among the many such establishments which at that time made Maidenhead pre-eminent as the centre of *le monde où l'on s'amuse*.

It is to be feared that Raymond and his friends were not altogether popular among the more staid frequenters of the place; and when on one Sunday afternoon in the height of the season they bribed the entire band which was playing on the lawn of an hotel at teatime to leave the place *en masse*, and accompany them down the river on their launch, the general indignation rose to fever point. They caused a mild sensation when they arrived at Boulter's. At the back of the launch, packed like sardines, sat the six members of the orchestra, playing away for their lives, each with a tumbler of champagne at his feet with which he refreshed himself at intervals. In front, supported on each side by radiant damsels, lounged Sandilands, Rimington, and Forsyth, while in the bows a small Pomeranian barked incessantly, to proclaim to the world his joy at forming a member of so distinguished a crew.

The establishment at Aspasia Lodge, the river-side seat of Rimington and Sandilands, was jointly presided over by a very pretty, simple-looking maiden, at whose shrine Sandilands was at that time a most devout worshipper, and a tall brunette, who subsequently bestowed her heart and hand on an officer of Her Majesty's forces. *En passant*, it may be remarked how prevalent such marriages were at this time. Within three or four years more than a dozen men of good family and ample fortune, most of whom were apparently sane and knowledgeable fellows, deliberately tied themselves for life to women whose antecedents were notorious, who in most cases had no pretensions to any sort of refinement or breeding, and whose attractions, though considerable, could have been, and possibly had been, acquired by the men themselves on considerably easier terms. It is not for a mere layman to challenge the assertion of a certain notorious peer recently published in the Press, that the Stage supplies as many good

wives as Society does bad ones: having sampled both classes, he is clearly an authority on the subject; but though I should be the last to decry the manifold charms of the *demi-mondaine*, experience has seemed to show that in the majority of cases these tend rather to diminish than increase with marriage.

To return to the inhabitants of Aspasia Lodge.—The simple-looking maiden, whose name at that time was Daisy Atherton, had then and has since passed through many vicissitudes without losing her air of virgin innocence and dewy freshness. She was notable for her extravagance even among a class to which lavish expenditure is as the breath of life. She would order dresses by the dozen, hats by the score; in a house in Brook Street in which she was subsequently installed, she had a painter specially imported from Italy to decorate the ceilings; and six months later she was said to be without the money for a cab fare! Nor did she learn from experience. Her beauty soon found her new admirers, whom she as soon disgusted by her prodigality; and her policy of taking no thought for the morrow brought her eventually to an end that it is not pleasant to dwell upon. She had the curious habit, moreover, of being in the highest degree brutal and offensive to the swain who happened at the moment to be under her dominion, though most charming and affable to the world at large; indeed, the very fact of a man lavishing presents on her seemed to make him repulsive in her eyes. This attitude seemed at first to increase rather than to lessen their infatuation, but by degrees they used to sicken of their arbitrary charmer. The gentleman who succeeded Sandilands in taking charge of her was an Austrian of most unattractive appearance and unengaging manners, but he appeared to be possessed of an unlimited supply of ready money, which he lavished on her with sufficient freedom to satisfy even her colossal requirements. His name was Metternich, and she treated him with even more brutality than her previous admirers; but he bore it for a long time with exemplary fortitude. She has been seen to linger for twenty minutes or half an hour in the foyer of a restaurant talking to some of her numerous friends while he stood mutely in the background, not daring either to obtrude himself on the conversation or to suggest to her that they should depart. Suddenly she would turn round and imperiously demand some change. He would thereupon meekly produce a fist full of silver, from which she would select such coins as she required, and with a beaming farewell to her friends, sail away to the cloak-room in search of her wraps.

A young friend of Raymond's whose name was Francis Leyton was involved in a rather curious adventure with her about this time. Leyton was dining with a youthful sprig of the nobility one Sunday night at a famous restaurant in the Strand, and half-way through dinner their eyes suddenly lighted on Daisy and her foreign cavalier discussing a *tête-à-tête* dinner, with which the lady seemed unaffectedly bored. Francis, who had at one time been on fairly intimate terms with her, took the opportunity of greeting her in the passage after dinner, and she expressed regret that he had given up coming to see her. He immediately promised to rectify the omission at the first opportunity and asked when there would be a chance of finding her alone. After a brief hesitation she told him that if he was doing nothing this evening and could come round to her house and smoke a cigarette, she would be charmed to see him and have a chat over old times. She asked for half an hour's grace in which to rid herself of her Austrian encumbrance, for whose benefit she proposed to plead a bad headache. Francis readily assented, and having given her the requisite start he called a hansom and drove to her abode. As the hansom pulled up outside the house, the door was flung open, the lady's voice exclaimed, "You're caught!" and from the other side of the road, where he had been skulking behind a lamp-post, darted the indignant lover. Francis expected an assault, and put up his hands to defend himself, but the distraught foreigner contented himself with a torrent of hysterical abuse, mingled with heartrending reproaches to the lady. Daisy herself showed great presence of mind; she bundled them both into the house, saying she was not going to allow a brawl in the street, and then turned on Metternich and demanded how he dared insult her and her friends in such a way.

She was going to receive whatever callers she wished, and whenever she wished, and if he didn't like it he could do the other thing, and he would find all his presents on the breakfast table the next morning. Finally she said that if he did not at once apologise handsomely he would leave her house at once and for ever, and he accordingly tearfully apologised and departed, leaving the triumphant Francis in possession of the field. Moreover, Metternich called the next morning with a handsome diamond necklace, as some slight compensation for Daisy's wounded feelings. However, she finally overdid it with him, and he took his wounded heart and what remained of his bank balance to another fair lady, who having temporarily alleviated the former and dissipated the latter, left him alone and penniless in Paris, while she departed for Monte Carlo with a Hebrew financier.

Daisy meanwhile, disdaining the attentions of a lovelorn marquis, had fallen in love with an impecunious though doubtless charming officer in a line regiment, on whom she lavished an affection which had been utterly denied to her former wealthy admirers, and one-tenth part of which would have been sufficient to transport any one of them into the seventh heaven of delight.

Such was Daisy Atherton, whose character I have dwelt on at some length as it has seemed to me peculiarly typical of a class which, with its strange contradictions, offers to the student of Life almost unequalled food for observation and reflection.

(To be continued.)

The photographs which illustrated the article on the Oxford University Drag last week were both taken by Messrs. Gillman, of Oxford.

THE CLOTHES OF TO-DAY.

SIMPLICITY THE DOMINANT NOTE.

By LADY AFFLECK.

The winter season is now well advanced, and there will be little or nothing to chronicle in the way of novelty, and practically no change in the fashions until the New Year, or even later, when the gay world will hurry south in search of sunshine and amusements. The choice of furs is for the moment the most absorbing topic, and of these there is no lack of variety. Skunk is undoubtedly first favourite. It is immensely becoming, and has the advantage of being both practical and durable, far more so than the softer black and silver fox. The latter, on account of its high price, can never become general. Skunk is daily increasing in value, and is now, perhaps, beyond the means of many, but fortunately there is an excellent substitute in skunk opossum, which is hardly to be detected from the rarer and more costly fur.

Ermine for Evening Gowns.

Ermine should be used with great discretion, as it is not easy to wear, and is hardly suited to the dark and foggy days which are so great a drawback to the English winter. The wise woman, therefore, will use this delicate fur only on evening gowns, cloaks, and wraps, for which purposes it is ideal. In Paris there is a decided reaction in favour of small fur collars and *tour de cou*, which are fastened at the side and finished with a band of Oriental embroidery and large gold tassels.

Muffs are slightly modified in size and shape, and the wide stole finds less favour than heretofore.

The Dominant Note.

The dominant note in dress is extreme simplicity in both day and evening gowns, which are markedly Empire in character, though there is a hint of Japan in the large bow which is seen at the back of many of the newest day gowns. The skirts are still narrow and retain the long, straight lines which are so universally becoming, but there is slightly more fullness, which is so judiciously manipulated that there is no effect of width, but by giving a little more freedom adds greatly to the grace of the wearer, and entirely does away with the ridiculous exaggeration of the last few months.

A New Model Gown.

A gown which is having a great success—a model of one of the leading Paris *coutourières*—is simplicity itself. It is in a shade of soft dark blue, made of "Ratine," a cloth which has a slightly woolly surface, and is a revival of a material much in vogue some thirty years ago. The skirt is plain, with the exception of a panel at back and front, the former being a pleat. These are scalloped at the lower edge, and the whole is outlined with a band of skunk two inches wide.

The coat to wear with this is short, and crosses from the left shoulder to a little below the waist on the right side, and is there fastened with cords and buttons of dark blue silk, which are repeated on the left shoulder.

The coat, like the skirt, is bordered with skunk, and has an inner vest and collar of Oriental embroidery in gold on a deep crimson ground.

Now this little gown seems hardly worth mention, but it represents the latest note in dress, and is the work of an artist. The price is one that would make our grandmothers hold up their hands in horror.

Cloth is still used in conjunction with other materials, but velvet, velveteen, and corduroy have quite superseded it for the tailor-made gown. It is harder and more trying than these softer and richer fabrics.

Beware of Velvet.

Velvet if trimmed has a tendency to add to the age of the wearer, and the Parisian to avoid such a pitfall has decreed that it is only admissible when severely plain, and must be worn with one of the delightful little fur toques which are so popular, or if a hat is preferred, then it must be of velvet almost guiltless of trimming.

Of feathers we shall see little until the late spring or summer.

The English woman has an undeniable advantage over her rivals of other nations in that she retains her freshness well into middle age, and at forty or forty-five compares favourably with a French woman ten years her junior; but the Parisian is past master in the art of "arranging herself," and is more careful to avoid material and fashions likely to detract from her youthful appearance. She well knows that youth needs no adornment, and that severity adds dignity to age.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Although the Editorial and Advertisement departments of this paper are kept quite separate and distinct from one another, readers are invited to write to the Editor at any time, should they have reason to be dissatisfied with the treatment meted out to them by any advertiser, and upon such complaint being found justified the advertisement will be withdrawn and the contract relating to it cancelled. Readers and advertisers are kindly requested to note, the latter especially, as advertisements are now only accepted subject to the stipulation that the Editor will be considered justified in cancelling any contract at any time.

BELGRAVIA AND BOHEMIA.

NOTES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

By "SON OF THE MORNING."

The Zoo.

Particularly on Sundays, if you can get admittance cards from a member, the Zoo is by far the best place to go to in London. The last time a well-known Italian tenor was in town, we took him up there for a whiff of fresh air and some exercise. He made a sketch of the mandril in his cage outside the monkey-house, and we suggested such an ape might prove an attraction on the Pincio in Rome. He never saw the point, and we passed on. Now, why is there no Tube near the Zoo? With a Tube station at its gates it would have three times as many visitors as now.

A Journalistic Dinner.

At the Criterion Restaurant on Saturday night the best speech of the evening was made by Miss Gladys Unger, who responded for the Drama. Here are a few stray extracts of it, from notes made on our shirt-cuff:—"Ink is thicker than water. Among brethren of the pen blood—even blue blood—does not count. Their circulation depended upon an uncongested flow of ink. Dramatists and journalists had much in common. Playwrights tackled long jobs; journalists purveyed sliced drama for daily consumption. They were often told that newspapers devoted too much space to the theatre—as if they could! Besides, it was not true. Whenever she bought an evening paper to read the criticism of some important play, she found it had been cut out of that edition because Newcastle United had signed on a Humphreys. Was that devoting too much space to the drama? If women playwrights forged ahead it would be because the men had brought it on themselves. Playwriting meant minute attention to detail, coupled with a Job-like patience. It meant the gift of the gab. It meant plotting."

At the Savoy.

Have you seen Monsieur Gustave, the popular manager of the Savoy, lately? And, if so, have you noticed how slim he is getting? Must have lost quite a stone in three weeks! Watch him o' nights when he pops into the Café Parisien for a look round, clad in an immaculate silk-faced frock-coat over a white dress waistcoat, with natty little black buttons and black tie—the fashion originally set for hotel and restaurant managers by César Ritz. Shall we tell you Gustave's secret for getting thin? Avoid drinking with your meals, particularly at lunch. What they call the "Schweninger cure" abroad, prescribed for Bismarck by his medico. The Savoy Grill continues to be one of the most popular places in town for lunch and an informal bite of supper. Mr. Schneider is indefatigable in his attentions to customers. We have seldom seen a restaurant-manager fly about as Schneider does, and often wonder how many miles on an average he covers a day. They say that song of Miss Gertie Millar's in "The Girls of Gothenburg" about "Mister Schneider" was inspired by the present manager of the Savoy Grill.

By the way, Gustave's latest dodge is to come up to you while at supper, produce a small nickel-plated penknife from the pocket of his immaculate white waistcoat, and say to you: "If you can open and shut that knife you don't pay for anything to-night!" Naturally, when you have had caviare, a quail on toast, a pint of Pommery mature, and some fine old brandy, such a liberal offer is not to be despised. But, try as you will, you can't do the trick. Open the knife, yes; but not shut it again. And then, when you have settled the *addition*, and are about to leave, up comes Gustave, smiling. He takes the penknife between two fingers, blows on it, and, behold! it is shut.

American Football.

We went down to see that American footer match last week. No wonder so many players are killed every year! Why, call it "foot" ball? The game is more or less of a free fight all the time, in which the man with the ball generally comes off best. Those who make way for and defend him suffer most. Could these Yankee mariners not have been invited by the Rugby Union to see a first-class Rugby game at Twickenham? Rowland Hill—lunching frugally at the Gaiety Grill—might have thought of it. American football is but a winter *pendant* to base-ball in the summer. Both are pretty well on a level, and any self-respecting European who has once seen those big gum-chewing, toothpick-sucking, and spitting crowds does not care to do so again.

All the year round you can buy garden produce, poultry, eggs, and butter from the Hatch French Gardens at Tisbury. It is a business concern, run on business lines by an expert French maraîcher. Pupils are taken to learn the system. Vegetables supplied, carriage paid, direct to consumers, in 3s. and 4s. crates. Chickens, 3s.; ducks, 3s. 3d.; butter 1s. 4d. per lb.; eggs, 1s. 6d. doz.—[Advt.]

OLYMPIA. OLYMPIA.

SKATING SEASON.

Public opening, December 5th.
Club opening, December 4th.

THE LARGEST RINK IN THE WORLD.

Session.	Admission.	Skates.
11 till 1	6d.	1/-
3 till 6	1/-	1/-
7.30 till 11	1/-	1/-

Private skates stored, cleaned and oiled, free of charge.

Military Band, Luncheons, Teas and Dinners served during and between sessions.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON PARISIAN SHOPPING.

By Mrs. LEONARD MARSHALL.

It is given but to a favoured few to understand the inner workings of Paris fashions. Many of us come to worship at the shrine, but to the multitude the oracle is mute.

The French are perhaps the most clannish nation in the universe. They love their own children best, and their women above all things. Paris is the heart and brain of France. "La Parisienne" is one of the world's witches, second to none in the eyes of her compatriots.

Where "Creations" are Fashioned.

To the peripatetic English or American shopper the sort of freemasonry which exists amongst the French is an unknown quantity. They come, they purchase and, as often as not, they are pleased, but in the very best houses the newest and most original creations, destined to set a sensational style, are fated to be worn not by the wealthy Americans, who cannot purchase them for money, but by the elegant Parisienne artists or *femme du monde* who will make its fortune. Such a state of soul is not easily grasped by our more commercial minds, but we must remember that Art still reigns supreme in the City of Light.

The Parisienne dressmaker is persuaded that Madame de Trois Etoiles will wear her *chef d'œuvres* to better advantage than any of the *Colonie Etrangère*, and this fact will prove sufficient compensation for any pecuniary loss entailed.

Secrets that are Never Told.

Special models—very lovely in themselves, but not quite the loveliest—are worn by the pretty *mannequins* who parade before the buyers who come from all parts of the world to purchase Parisienne taste and brains. They get all they desire and more, but some secret of cut or fit, some deft trick of drapery, is kept back, and they depart quite happy and none the wiser! It is not generally known, for instance, that at one of the high-class *couturièrs* a Spanish artist who once exhibited at the Salon is paid a fabulous salary for designing artistic gowns for the select *clientèle* of the house.

Five ladies are literally on their knees to obtain his services. He is called upon to pin on the bodices and draperies of "Madame La Beauté" when she goes to the opera. He is responcible for those marvellous sartorial creations which have to be made on the woman lucky enough to afford such a *robe à sensation*.

Some English Mistakes.

It often happens that English women who come to buy in Paris are sadly in need of guidance. They will order a number of new garments and suddenly have the brilliant idea that they should purchase a pair of up-to-date corsets. The sad result is that all the gowns have to be altered considerably, and often unsatisfactorily. Then, again, they have heard the names of half-a-dozen famous houses whose prices prove prohibitive. They fail to discover those trimly, artistic Parisian houses where dress is studied in its minutest details, like a science.

Such *coutoumières* never advertise, never court foreign customers—they have all the work they need, and it is a privilege to possess one of their matchless Empire picture gowns copied from those worn by Josephine when the great Napoleon used to suggest ideas for the Court dresses of the Empress and her ladies.

Here no two dresses are made alike, and the museums are studied and old prints eagerly bought up with a view to adapting the fashions of the past to our modern needs.

In other houses the lady clients from North America or the Argentine may, unless they quickly leave our capital, come face to face with exact replicas of the tailor-made costumes for which they have paid fabulous prices; such are the little tricks practised upon the strangers.

Where the Frenchwoman Excels.

French women are marvellously clever and economical in all that concerns dress; they treasure up lace and jewels, which become family heirlooms, and which give importance to the simplest frocks.

It is, however, on the stage that of late years fashions are born. Dressmakers, furriers, milliners, vie with each other to dress the fashionable actresses, who advertise their wares better than any fine lady of the Republic.

Failing a Court, we have the queens of the boards. The young and beautiful Lentheline is the actress of the hour; her dresses and doings are chronicled in all the papers.

Cecile Loret, whose beauty recalls those of our dear dead ancestresses of the eighteenth century, and whose picture gowns made by one of the great *couturièrs* of the day never mar the perfect harmony of her face and figure—Cecile is a beauty and a "blue." Her recent lecture upon "Charm," a subject upon which she can speak as an adept, proved a great success.

The True Mission of Dress.

Dress has many aspects—pictorial, poetical, nay, even political, for are we not following up the marriage of a Bonaparte with a revival of the modes of the Empire?

The true mission of dress is to express the emotions.

We were adorably frivolous under Louis XIV., sweetly sentimental in 1830, and to-day we reflect the complex hypercivilised epoch we live in.

Our dresses are of strange colouring, jewels sparkle through a cloudy mist of chiffon when we move, and, like the sweet savages we are still, we bedeck our person with the skins of beasts and the plumage of birds, proving to the world that the eternal feminine lives unchanged in the Modern Eve!

MONSIEUR BLANC OF MONTE CARLO.

(Continued.)

Marriage of Francois Blanc's Youngest Daughter—The Ruflin-Bonapartes—Prince Roland Bonaparte.

By C. A. VOIGT.

Four years after the marriage of François Blanc's eldest daughter, Louise, to Prince Constantin Radziwill, another princeling turned up as suitor for the hand of the youngest daughter, Marie Félix, who was five years younger than Louise. Since the latter's marriage, *le père* Blanc had died, and it was left to his widow to find another noble son-in-law. Whether she herself looked for or gave instructions to find one, I cannot say; nor does Bertora appear to have had his hand in the pie this time. Researches on the subject lead one to believe that it was Madame Ruflin-Bonaparte, mother of the bridegroom, who first spotted Mlle. Blanc and made overtures to the widow with reference to a marriage between their children.

PRINCE ROLAND RUFLIN-BONAPARTE (at the time of his marriage).

However insignificant the member of the princely house of Radziwill was, this second princeling, notwithstanding the name of Bonaparte, was of much lower origin. In fact, it would have been hard to find, anywhere in Europe, a Prince with more unworthy credentials in the way of birth and lineage than Prince Roland Bonaparte.

Roland's father was Pierre, fourth son of Lucien Bonaparte (who was a brother of Napoleon I.); his mother was a girl called Justine Ruflin (named Nina), daughter of a *concierge* and his wife, who, in the year 1850, took care of a house and pulled the *cordon* in the Rue Chaillot, Paris. Prince Pierre, who lived in a small villa at Auteuil, engaged Madame Ruflin as cook in 1853, while her husband was left to look after the house in the Rue Chaillot, helped by his two daughters, Elisa and Justine. The story goes that *la mère* Ruflin was much more to Prince Pierre than a mere cook and house-keeper. However this may be, she died of the cholera on June 21, 1854, and the two daughters, who had frequently called at the villa with messages from their father, were then taken into the Prince's household as *bonnes*, while old Ruflin was pensioned off. Up to the date of his death, on March 10, 1869, at 189, Avenue de Versailles, where he lived as *rentier*, father Ruflin received a pension of 1,800 francs a year from Prince Pierre Bonaparte.

The Prince made no secret of his relations with the Ruflin girls, so much so, that whenever his personality was mentioned at the Tuileries, people smiled maliciously. An untranslatable nickname was also given to him which became historical. Both the sisters got on splendidly with their princely master; Elisa was not jealous of Nina and Nina was never jealous of Elisa. The *ménage à trois* was a perfect one. In 1856, Elisa Ruflin became mother of a child, who was abandoned to public assistance. Two years later it was Nina's turn, and a boy was born to her on May 19, 1858. She objected to have her child put in a foundling's hospital, and although she was not successful in getting Prince Pierre to recognise it, the boy's birth was registered as: "Roland Ruflin, father's name unknown."

About this time the Prince acquired a small property in Belgium, near the French frontier at Sedan. He went to live there and took both his *servantes-maîtresses* with him. In 1871, after many years of waiting, Nina Ruflin was successful in making Prince Pierre Bonaparte marry her at Brussels. An extract from the register of the French Legation in Brussels, dated Nov. 11, 1871, proves this, also that they, at the same time, recognised the two children born out of wedlock. Nina at last achieved her object; she was now a Princess and her children also had the right to bear this title and the magic name of Bonaparte.

Two years later the couple separated. Nina came to London and, in January, 1873, at No. 91, New Bond Street, established herself as:—

Princess Pierre Bonaparte, Marchande de Confections pour Dames.

In the spring of 1875 Nina made a final attempt of reconciliation with Prince Pierre, who then curiously enough—like Prince Victor Napoleon at the present time—lived in the Avenue Louise at Brussels. Accompanied by her daughter Jeanne, aged thirteen, she called on him, but was not admitted.

Nina returned to Paris, where she lived on the bounty of a few Bonapartists. On one occasion she even extracted a sum of 2,400 francs from Marshal MacMahon, then President of the Republic. Roland was seventeen years old at that time.

Prince Pierre also returned to France in 1877, and went to live at the Hôtel de France, in the Rue Colbert, at Versailles, where he remained until his death in April, 1881.

Five months previous to this date Nina managed to get her son accepted by Mme. François Blanc for the latter's youngest daughter, Marie Félix, and the marriage took place on November 7, 1880. Prince Pierre was not present at it. However glad he was at heart to know that his son had married one of the Blanc heiresses, he completely ignored his wife, Nina, and even the *Almanach de Gotha* of 1881, says nothing about his being a married man. After his death, Nina took good care that her name figured among the Bonaparte Princesses in the official handbook. Prince Pierre Bonaparte, however, had to sign a document presented to him by a notary named Devaux, in which he gave his fatherly consent to his son's marriage. He made the widow Blanc pay handsomely for this condescension, and only a few days prior to his death he is known to have received a sum of 10,000 francs from her, which he had no time to spend, as eight *mille* were found in his desk which were left in his will to the son of his last Belgian mistress!

MARIE FELIX BLANC, PRINCESS ROLAND BONAPARTE,
Youngest daughter of Francois Blanc.

On July 2, 1882, a child was born to the young couple (Roland Bonaparte and Marie Félix Blanc), and named Marie, but the poor mother died within a month afterwards. She had given a family party on August 1 in her villa at Saint Cloud to celebrate her convalescence, and appeared to be in perfect health. She had played on the piano in the afternoon and had been out and about. After dinner, her husband, Prince Roland, accompanied his brother-in-law, Edmond Blanc, back to the station. He was away hardly fifteen minutes. When he returned, his young wife was dead. Ever since, Roland Ruflin Bonaparte has been guardian of his daughter's fortune (said to produce about three-quarters of a million sterling a year) until her marriage with Prince George of Greece three years ago.

At the exhibition of Marie's wedding trousseau in Prince Roland's *hôtel* of the Avenue de l'Alma, a wag introduced a show-card among the lingerie, bearing the legend, "Grande Exposition de Blanc," which remained there a whole afternoon, to the great amusement of the visitors.

Although *soi-disant* a Bonapartist, Prince Roland Bonaparte—frequently also called "le Prince Blanc"—is an enthusiastic Republican, and on the best possible terms with the French Government. A member of several learned societies, the Prince is regarded as a savant of no mean order, and competes in this respect with Prince Albert of Monaco. While the latter is supposed to know all about the mysteries of the deep, Prince Roland Bonaparte is considered the greatest living authority on the opposite extreme, viz., glaciers and their movements! It is true, he does not climb about the Alps and investigate these matters at close quarters; a number of engineers and members of the Academy of Sciences do this for him. In his vast *hôtel* of the Avenue de l'Alma he has one of the finest private libraries in France, and a wonderful collection of curios, which I had the pleasure of inspecting during the last Paris Exhibition of 1900. The bath-tub, in which Marat was murdered (or rather one of them, for three authentic ones are said to exist), the drinking vessel used by Napoleon Bonaparte while at the military school of Brienne, a cane of Voltaire's, a handkerchief of Mirabeau's, and a snuff-box of Louis XV. are among the valuable souvenirs I distinctly remember seeing.

Whenever I see or read of this scion of the famous Corsican house, I cannot help being reminded of what Napoleon III. one day said to his cousin, Prince Jerôme. Exasperated at the Emperor's obstinacy in refusing him some favour he had asked for, Jerôme muttered:—

"You have nothing of a Bonaparte about you!"

"Oh, yes," replied the Emperor. "I have his family on my hands."

(*To be concluded.*)

EX LIBRIS.

A Christmas Gift.

Mr. Douglas English's newest work ("A Book of Nimble Beasts," Eveleigh Nash, 6s.) is exactly the right kind of book for a Christmas gift to a schoolboy nephew —or even a schoolgirl niece, if she has not yet attained to the flapper age—and we can imagine the purchasing uncle finding a good deal of interest in it himself, if only for the sake of the delightful photographs of wee beasties and more wee insects with which nearly every page is adorned. Many of these are unique, and taken under tremendous difficulties. The style of the book may be gathered from the introduction:—

> I know a Boy Scout who has never seen a weasel. Many weasels, I fancy, must have seen that Boy Scout.
>
> And I know a girl who has never seen a harvest mouse, but who might have, often.
>
> There may be other boys and girls like these. There may be grown-ups also.
>
> It is for them that I have written this book. It is to them that I offer its pictures. I would lead them (with hushed voices and quiet feet) into God's Under-World; a World of queer small happenings; of sparkling eyes and vanishing tails; a whispering, rustling World.
>
> I would have them, whatever their age be, approach this World as children. For children's eyes are closest to the ground.

Bats, tadpoles, frogs, beetles, rabbits, wasps, butterflies, weasels, moles, grasshoppers, and other wee living things are dealt with, sometimes in a story, sometimes with no attempt to disguise the fact that instruction is being given; in either case the pictures and the subject matter are fascinating.—J. S.

What is Man?

In all ages and at all times there have been men whose one burning desire has been, before paying the "debt of nature," to impart to the world at large the grand solution of that enigma termed Man, but the apparent difference between the predecessors of Mark Twain and his own inimitable self is this, that whereas they were unconscious humorists, he has throughout written with his tongue in his cheek. But we warn the reader that this latest solution is a non-inspiring, non-"enthusing" doctrine; in the words of the text before us, "It takes the heroism out of him, it denies him all personal credit, all applause; it not only degrades him to a machine, but allows him no control over the machine, makes a mere coffee-mill of him, and neither permits him to supply the coffee nor turn the crank." Man, then, is a machine containing original prejudices —this is termed his make—and his future is due to the influences brought to bear upon it by his heredities, his habitat, his associations; he originates nothing, and therefore can take no credit for any merit; that personal merit does not exist. Self-sacrifice goes by the board in the same distressful way, for man "has only one moving impulse, the hunger for self-approval," or, in other words, the necessity of contenting his own spirit. Should you remark, "But the other day I did something that did not content my own spirit," the answer is that, being a machine, you naturally did what you did; it is "your make." Finally, we get this admonition: "Diligently train your ideals upward"—these have been previously acquired from outside influence—"and still upward, toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbour and the community." From what we have said, and, of course, the book (Watts and Co., 2s. 6d.) elaborates the idea, man is proved to be—man!

Without a doubt the book, while amusing the many, will mislead the few, for it is written in a masterly manner, and only here and there do the arguments appear to fail; we say appear advisedly, because we cannot be sure that this supposed failing has not been done with a view of letting the reader into the secret. In connection with this point, it is amusing to remember what an authority on humour once wrote—and there is a reason for believing that Mark Twain was not unacquainted with Lord Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" —"To go about industriously to confound man in a mysterious way is as unhandsome in a way of raillery as when done with the greatest seriousness or in the most solemn way of deceit. But 'tis a mean, impotent, and dull sort of wit which amuses all alike and leaves the most sensible man, and even a friend, equally in doubt and at a loss to understand what one's real meaning is upon any subject." We quite agree with his lordship.—R. E.

The Magazines.

We have received for review a stirring story entitled "The Way of the Warrior," which appears in the December number of "Sievier's Monthly." It deals with an episode in the Russo-Japanese war, and is said to be founded on fact. If this may be taken as a sample of the contents, the magazine as a whole should make most interesting reading.

The Christmas number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" is a very bulky affair, and if the literary value of the stories is not worthy of the traditions of the "Pall Mall" when its price was always a shilling, we assume that it is because the Editors are endeavouring to lower their standard to meet that demand for "light, bright tales" which is now so persistent.

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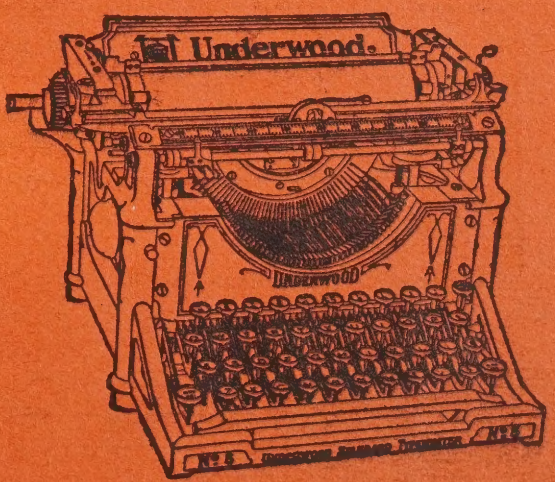

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